JOHN BULL.

"FOR GOD, THE SOVEREIGN, AND THE PEOPLE!"

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This Evening, at 8.15, THE TIMES. Mr. Edward Terry and Miss Fanny Brough.

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JOHN BULL.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 20.

ONE MORE BLUNDER.

In spite of the protests and the warnings of all who represent independent Conservative opinion, the Government has persisted in bringing in a Local Government Bill for Ireland. It is to be hoped that Ministers are satisfied with the reception it has received. It is unfortunate that the first important act of Mr. BALFOUR, as Leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, should be the introduction of a measure that carries out a policy which he is avowedly not in sympathy with himself, and that his staunchest friends in the country are utterly opposed to. It might have been expected that Mr. BALFOUR, in introducing a similar proposal, would have defended the principle and demonstrated the advantage of overthrowing at the present time a system of county government in Ireland which has avowedly, thus far, proved both economical and efficient. But in the Irish legislation for which he is nominally responsible, Mr. BALFOUR never attempts any defence of the policy. He is careful always to indicate that the policy is that of the Cabinet, which he accepts, though he may not approve, and he confines himself to maintaining that the measure which he introduces carries out the Ministerial policy with the least risk, and the prospect of the fewest ultimate evils. As in the case of the Irish Land Purchase Act, so in the case of the Irish Local Government Bill. Mr. BALFOUR carefully guards himself against the assertion that the Bill is either necessary, desirable or useful. Mr. BALFOUR clearly is of opinion that the measure has only negative recommendations. The sole reason that he chooses to adduce for bringing it in at all is that the Cabinet, long before he joined it, pledged itself to deal with the question. And the pledges appear to resolve themselves into a declaration made by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and various casual allusions in QUEEN'S Speeches. Really, Conservatives cannot admit that they are bound by the random nonsense that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL may have talked with or without the concurrence of his colleagues, and cannot allow that a paragraph in a QUEEN'S Speech may lay down without appeal the policy of a party. Mr. BALFOUR is entirely mistaken when he alleges that it was only last autumn that protests were made by Conservatives against a measure of Irish Local Government. In these columns, as in the columns of many of our contemporaries, for the last five years there have been the strongest objections raised to proposals that threaten the aggravation of the political dissensions and the social hostilities to which Ireland has for so long been a prey without offering any compensating advantages, except the satisfaction of the democratic theories of doctrinaires like Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

The unanswerable objection to the Bill, of course, is the one that its critics have been prompt to adduce. If it is unwise to set up Irish County Councils without providing an extraordinary system of checks and safeguards, why create them at all? Everyone knows that the new Irish County Councils would simply be so many centres of political agitation and so many committees of the Irish conspiracy, that they would be distinguished by extravagance, corruption, and jobbery, and that they would use the powers they may be endowed with for the purpose of oppressing and robbing the loyal minority. This Mr. BALFOUR admits by the elaborate precautions he takes against similar abuses of power. But in a similar condition of affairs it is obviously elementary statesmanship not to call into existence evils which require ingenious and novel methods of repression. When Mr. BALFOUR states that he is unable to perceive how similar bodies can be utilised for political purposes he need only be referred to the history of the London County Council. If Mr. BALFOUR wishes to know what is the particular danger that loyalists fear from the establishment of County Councils, we answer that it will supply the Irish revolutionary conspiracy throughout the greater part of Ireland with a legal organisation that the Irish agitators may be trusted to put to effective use.

On the details of a Bill which is not likely to pass into law, it is, perhaps, superfluous to dwell. It is frankly democratic, it must at once be admitted. The franchise for electing to the proposed County Councils is the Parliamentary franchise, admitting peers and women and excluding illiterates. The cumulative vote is to be introduced with the view of affording representation of minorities, which it will utterly fail to do where most required. This is one of Mr. BALFOUR'S safeguards. The others are the reservation of the right of a ratepayer to "traverse" a presentment of the County Council, the power to veto all capital expenditure, given to a Joint Committee formed by seven nominees of the County Council, and seven nominees of the Grand Jury, under the presidency of the Sheriff of the County, and, finally, the power given to two Judges on proof given of charges of malversation, corruption or oppression, to dissolve a County Council, and nominate a body to act in its stead. It was a mere matter, of course, that against these safeguards English Radicals and Irish Nationalists should unite in derisive condemnation. The theatrical display of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. HEALY does not mean much, however, except that they are anxious to damage the Government. The Bill is one that the Irish Nationalists will be quite prepared to accept as an instalment of what they are contending for. It is only against the safeguards that they protest, and any system of safeguards that human ingenuity could devise would be equally reviled. The Bill is one which from the Conservative point of view is wholly indefensible. By its introduction the Government has redeemed a foolish pledge, and any further perseverance with the measure appears both injudicious and unnecessary. No one, we imagine, will less regret the abandonment of a policy foredoomed to failure than Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR himself.

"WHO ARE THE DUPES?"

It would not be strictly correct to say that within the last week the Home Rule question has entered on a new phase. But a good deal has happened in that time to place the matter more clearly before the country. That the Gladstonian party stood in a serious dilemma has been known for years. That this was the reason why they persisted in their refusal to reveal their plan of Home Rule was equally well understood. And it was foreseen that the dilemma must assume an acute form if ever Mr. GLADSTONE should be reinstated in power. But the novel feature of the situation at the present moment is this: that the acute stage has been reached all of a sudden—that the Gladstonians find themselves, before the General Election, confronted with a difficulty which they had hoped at least to postpone until after it. A state of things which was familiar enough to all intelligent observers is now being vividly presented to the electorate and brought right home to the understandings of even the least enlightened among them. And this has come about as the result of the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave a fresh turn on the third night of the discussion.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has lost no time in proving to his political followers that their new leader is as ready as ever for the fray. His scathing and effective attack on the Opposition was in his best manner. In what was in several respects a memorable speech he taunted Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the Gladstonians with their unwillingness to justify in the House of Commons the charges they had been making against the Government up and down the country during the Recess, or to attempt to turn out a Ministry which they had so warmly denounced. On the Home Rule question, the Liberal Unionist leader rather ingeniously turned against Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT the reference made by the latter to an old speech of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S in which the concession of "some kind of legislative "authority in Dublin" was accepted in principle. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN rejoins that at any rate he published his plan with full details. But it "met with such universal disapproval" from all sides, that its author, "discouraged "by the reception accorded to his honest "attempt to frame a plan," relinquished it, and has since had no intention of attempting its revival. Meanwhile, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pleads that the frankness with which his own plan had been given to the world at least entitles him to expect from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT "a little reciprocity":—"He knows my plan: will he not tell me some-"thing about his?" Mr. CHAMBERLAIN urges that the mask should now be allowed to fall at last. In view of the approaching appeal to the constituencies it is surely, he insists, not too early to ask that the country shall be told what the Gladstonian plan of Home Rule is.

This, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN adds, is the more desirable in view of much that has occurred during the last twelvemonth. Each of the two rival Irish factions has in turn proclaimed that the Home Rule which it demands involves nothing short of complete legislative independence. Mr. PARNELL declared little more than a year ago that there should be "no "English veto" upon the laws passed by an Irish Parliament. The new Parnellite Leader, Mr. JOHN REDMOND, now emphatically repeats that declaration. The Anti-Parnellites, who had long ago found themselves forced to adopt similar language, showed by their silence that Mr. REDMOND'S views and their own are, in this respect, identical. On this point the two Irish parties are obliged to keep each other in countenance. Both alike have pledged themselves to accept no scheme of Home Rule that leaves the Irish Parliament subordinate to the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. On the other hand, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has with equal distinctness declared quite recently that the Irish Parliament must and shall be subject to the control of the Imperial Parliament. Another leading Gladstonian, Mr. FOWLER, has said the same thing. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. REDMOND both reminded Sir WILLIAM of the declaration he made no longer ago than last April, and challenged him to say whether he adheres to it still, or whether he means to surrender the control of the Imperial Parliament as he has surrendered so much else. With amusing irony Mr. CHAMBERLAIN suggested that the Gladstonians would be acting wisely in their own interests if they were to clear up all doubt on the subject:—"Are you going," he asks, "to "the elections, not certain that, when you come "back, a great part of your supporters will not "turn their backs upon you?"

The position is, indeed, an extremely awkward and embarrassing one for the Opposition. Their policy notoriously is, in the first place, to bribe various sections of the English electorate with Socialistic projects of plunder; and, in the second, to secure the support of the Anti-Parnellites by a promise of Home Rule. Aware, however, that a large proportion even of their own followers in Great Britain—to say nothing of wavering Liberals whom they hope to win over from Unionism—would be seriously alarmed by the kind of Home Rule proposal which alone would satisfy their Irish allies, the Gladstonian leaders are in what Americans call "a tight place." When asked what their plan is—whether it does or does not secure the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament—they

dare not answer. For, whatever the answer they give, they are bound to alienate either one or another section of the politicians on whose aid they are relying for success at the Election and after it. Nor is it open to them to adopt the third course—of temporising: of agreeing with the Anti-Parnellites to concede Home Rule of the more moderate sort, with a private undertaking to make a further surrender later on. For the Anti-Parnellites themselves dare not conclude any secret bargain of the kind, or consent to accept anything short of their original demands; having perpetually before their eyes the fear of being over-trumped in the political game by their rivals, the Parnellites.

The latter, on their side, are of course intent on forcing the hand of the Gladstonians. In common with Conservatives—though from a diametrically opposite point of view—the Parnellites who follow Mr. Redmond loudly and persistently demand an explicit statement of Mr. Gladstone's intentions with respect to Home Rule. Mr. Redmond and his friends have no bargain to make with the English Radicals, and they are strong enough in Ireland to make the situation too hot for the Clerical faction if the latter should attempt to bargain away the so-called "rights of Ireland" for the sake of the Gladstonian alliance. To the Conservatives it is obviously of no less importance that men who are seeking to supplant the present Government should be compelled to tell the country what their plan of Irish Home Rule is—on which of the two stools they have elected ultimately to sit. The Radical party is seeking the suffrages either of one or of another section of the electorate on false pretences. By the employment of an ambiguous phrase to describe his Irish policy Mr. Gladstone is courting the support of two different political groups, in the hope that each of them will read into that phrase a meaning in harmony with its own wishes.

The situation was luminously and forcibly summed up by Mr. Balfour in his spirited speech to the Constitutional Club on Wednesday. The Gladstonian leaders, he said, have promised one thing to the English electorate; they have promised another thing to the Irish electorate; and they have not made up their minds whether they are going to cheat the English electorate, or whether they ars going to cheat the Irish electorate:—"The question "we want to know is, Who are the dupes?" Sir William Harcourt fled from the House of Commons rather than meet so appalling a question. Home Rule is the principal issue on which the Gladstonians are appealing to the country to send them back after the Election with a majority. Yet, when challenged to say whether by Home Rule they mean legislative independence—involving freedom for Ireland to impose duties upon British goods, and place restrictions upon British commerce—the Gladstonian leader scuttles out of the House of Commons and hides himself in some distant place of refuge to avoid giving a reply. And Sir William Harcourt has not improved his own or his party's position by his subsequent attempt to brazen the matter out at Whitechapel. It was bad enough to have exhibited his unwillingness to meet his adversaries at Westminster. But it was worse to sneak off to Whitechapel and to indulge in brag and bounce where there was no one to answer him. The contrast between this valiant language before a Gladstonian audience and the cowardly silence preserved in Parliament is rather too striking. Squirm and wriggle as he may, Sir William Harcourt has been caught in his own net. So unprincipled, so nefarious an intrigue as that of which he and his party stand convicted can hardly fail to bring upon its authors a just and well-merited retribution.

Meanwhile, is there not an evident moral in all this for the Conservative Party and its Leaders? The Gladstonians chose the course of attempting to buy off treason by concessions. Is it not clear that our strength lay in the right performance of the duty that faced us—the duty, namely, of crushing the forces of Irish Sedition and of stamping out the dark conspiracy that has so long paralysed the upward progress of the country? That, we repeat, was the duty of Lord Salisbury's Administration: not the bringing in of "remedial measures;" not the further application of Radical principles to fresh agrarian legislation; not the adoption of Socialistic schemes by which the credit of the State is employed in the hazardous experiment of setting up tenant-farmers in business as landowners; not—let us add finally—the concession of Local Self-Government to a people utterly unfit to be entrusted with it, and certain to use it as a powerful lever by which to obtain Home Rule. The Land Purchase Act of last year is an acknowledged failure. Does that, let us ask, constitute a reason for embarking on another and equally questionable venture this year?

THE FALL OF M. DE FREYCINET.

The fall of M. de Freycinet's Ministry once more illustrates the fact that the enemies of the Church in France, overwhelming as their strength may seem to be, are doomed to find the weapons they fashion for her destruction turned against themselves to their utter discomfiture. A more wanton or unprovoked attack upon the Church than that contained in the Ministerial Bill for the regulation of Associations was never made. To pretend that the Bill was meant to apply to all associations, and that it only touched religious ones incidentally, is the merest quibble. It is a matter of simple notoriety that the Bill would never have been introduced at all if it had not been demanded by the extreme Radicals as a means of harassing the Church. The debate on the Bill confirms this estimate of its character and object. M. de Freycinet's Ministry, like numerous Cabinets that have preceded it, has felt the necessity of yielding to Radical clamour. That has always been the weakness of Moderate Liberal Ministries. They have never dared, when it came to a crisis, resist the demands of the extreme party. On this occasion M. de Freycinet submitted to Radical dictation so far as to introduce a measure hostile to the Church. The moment he resisted the further Radical attempt to hurry it forward, and to make it an avowed prelude to the "separation "of Church and State"—which is a mere euphemism for plundering the Church of the slender revenues still left to her—M. de Freycinet and his colleagues are ejected from office.

The incident is an eminently instructive one. To our mind it proves conclusively the futility of any hope that the Church can make terms with the Republic. The reason is that which we have already indicated. It lies in the fact that the Radicals, though not themselves in a majority, can always contrive by their unscrupulous factiousness and their complete organisation to force any Ministry to do their bidding as against the Church. The true mind of the Moderate Liberals may be ever so conciliatory towards that which they know represents the Religion of the country. But their good intentions are always liable to be frustrated by the anti-Christian bigotry of the ultra-Revolutionists. It might have been anticipated that French Catholics would by this time have learnt the lesson which events have so often inculcated—that they have nothing to hope for from the toleration or forbearance of any section of Liberals, moderate or extreme. The latter will not, the former cannot, grant terms to the Church.

We do not deny that there is much to excuse the blunder which, as we venture to think, those French Catholics are committing who imagine that, by "a frank acceptance" of the Republic, they will obtain a more tolerable situation for the Church. There is no denying that it is very discouraging for Churchmen to find themselves tied to what seems the corpse of a dead Royalism. Certainly the Royalist cause is at a low ebb in France at the present time. We can hardly recall a time when its credit stood lower. Nothing could be more unfortunate than the circumstances which have led to this result. By the death of the Comte de Chambord the Legitimate Monarchy became identified with the Revolutionary "Monarchy of July" in the person of the Comte de Paris. But the House of Orleans is too much entangled in Liberal traditions to attract the enthusiasm of a large proportion of the true Legitimists. Whatever may be the personal merits of the Comte de Paris, he has not succeeded in drawing to himself the real loyalty of French Conservatives. Moreover, the Boulanger *fiasco* fatally discredited all who had in any way aided and abetted a movement which ended in conspicuous failure.

French Catholics are not seriously to blame if they hoped to benefit the Church by adopting a line independent of the Royalists, and seeking to conciliate the Moderate Republicans by professing adhesion to the Republic. Clearly, however, no loyal Catholic could accept the Republic without at the same time demanding that the just rights of the Church and of Religion should be respected by the Republic. That is the exact meaning of the declaration recently put forth by the French Cardinals, and since accepted and adopted by the whole of the Bishops. The declaration recounted the grievances of the Church—such as the tyrannical laws which impose Atheistic education on Christian children, and which have persecuted the Religious Orders and deprived the poor and the sick of their ministrations. Nothing could be more moderate in tone or more reasonable in itself than this episcopal declaration of adhesion to the Republic on the understanding that the Church is to receive fairplay. But what has been the result? The Radicals, infuriated at the bare prospects of an alliance between the Church and the Moderates that might endanger their own practical supremacy, have promptly gathered their forces together to defeat a Ministry whose only offence was that it tried to injure the Church by indirect methods instead of openly and avowedly! We fancy the lesson will not be lost upon French Catholics. Their policy is to rely on the divisions and dissensions between Liberals and Radicals, while accepting an alliance with neither.

Reviews.

PALESTINE AND JERUSALEM.*—I.

There are certain subjects the interest of which is perennial, and we never experience any feeling of surprise at an addition to the voluminous literature dealing with them. Foremost among such subjects we must place the Holy Land and the Holy City, about which writers are never tired of writing, and readers are never tired of reading. No less than four volumes treating of them are now before us. The first of these, which we must acknowledge has been on our table for a long time, is Mr. Kean's record of his pilgrimage through Palestine, published last year by Mr. Fisher Unwin under the taking and effective title of *Among the Holy Places*. We are told by the writer that his primary object has been "to place the reader, "in a measure, in the position of the traveller—"to let him see the country and the people with "his own eyes." The method adopted for that purpose strikes us as singularly unfortunate. It is very irritating for the reader to find Mr. Kean's experiences always recorded as if they were the reader's and the use of the second person plural instead of the first person singular in the description of his adventures is positively annoying. Indeed, it is the annoyance thus caused which we must plead as an excuse for not having given an earlier notice of this volume.

* *Among the Holy Places.* By the Rev. James Kean.—London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1891.
Pictured Palestine. By the Rev. James Neil.—London: J. Nisbet and Co., 1891.
Notes of a Pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. By F. R. Oliphant.—London and Edinburgh: W. Blackwood and Sons, 1891.
Jerusalem: its History and Hope. By Mrs. Oliphant.—London and New York: Macmillan and Co., 1891.

We have been positively unable to get through it, and have again and again closed the book with a feeling of exasperation against this literary trick, which has, perhaps, rendered us unable to do full justice to the merits of Mr. Kean's work. For, undoubtedly, there are many merits if we could but overcome this feeling of annoyance, which we must frankly confess that we have been unable to do, and we must also confess that the feeling of annoyance is so strong that we have not read the book through to the end. We ought, perhaps, to give a specimen of the writer's style, which will explain better than we can otherwise do how exceedingly irritating it is. Almost any page of the book would serve this purpose, so we may as well take one on which we have opened by chance while writing this review, descriptive of the road to Hermon:

You awake to find the storm over, the frogs at peace, and nature beaming radiant. Though the morning air is a little sharp—you are above the sea-level now, and in a very different climate from that of Khan Minyeh—one of the party resolves to have a bathe in the marsh or pond by the cemetery hillock. He has waded in a long way, and, now getting reconciled to the cold, he tumbles like a porpoise and declines to come out. Breakfast waits; so you hurry off to the tents. On turning to look back, you are horrified to see some twenty women and girls, apparently from the black-tent village you passed yesterday, swooping down upon the pond, each armed with a big jar. Wading in, like cattle come to drink, the troop soon cut off for a time the bather's return.

To-day again your route lies northward, along the foot of the hills. It differs, however, from yesterday's march in this respect that to-day you have much more water to contend with; the springs issuing from the hills seem to be innumerable; no wonder Jordan has a plentiful supply of water; all these springs go to swell its volume: trickling down to the meadow, and into the marsh, they pass on their way and eventually flow into the Waters of Merom, Jordan's reservoir. Water fowl, they tell you, are plentiful in the marshes—pelicans among the rest—and the cattle of the Bedouins love to lie in the wet in hot weather. The place is teeming with life. It is probably too flat for draining; but were the springs along the foot of the hills guided into a stream, a vast tract of most fertile land might be reclaimed. As it is, you have difficulty in making your way along the foot of the hills; and as for the great plain it must be regarded as forbidden ground; you look out over it as over a treacherous bog that has hidden its waters and its depths among the reeds—a way by which no man may pass. And yet this has been a battlefield: in the Book of Joshua it is related how that Jabin, King of Hazor, and many kings with him, came and pitched together at the Waters of Merom, to fight with Israel. Hazor lay back among the mountains on your left.

Kedes, too, is up there: it is the Kadesh-Naphthali of Scripture, and one of the six cities of refuge. These, it will be remembered, were Kadesh, Shechem, Kirjath-Arba, on the west side of Jordan, and on the east, Bezer, Ramoth, Golan. Golan lay to the other side of the Waters of Merom—opposite to where you now are. Bezer lay to the south of Heshbon. The rest you have already spoken of.

The journey to-day turns out to be a matter of wading and fording: you have gone but a little way when you begin to encounter springs of more or less volume issuing or oozing from the base of the mountain range. One after another of these has to be crossed, waded through, or negotiated in whatever way you are best able to do it. The supreme struggle seems to have been reserved for the north-west corner: just where you begin turning to the right, in order to pass along the foot of the hills that skirt the north edge of the plain, you find yourself seriously meditating whether it would not be advisable to climb the mountain-side, and so get round on solid earth above the springs. But it all looks so green: you would declare it was a piece of good substantial meadow you had to ride over. And so you go on advancing, when to your surprise the horse sinks to the stirrups. Then the splashing commences: the poor beast gets alarmed lest it be caught, held fast, and swallowed up. After a great deal of violent exertion it succeeds in backing out, and is unwilling to try again. To meet its scruples you direct it towards the left, as if to go nearer to the foot of the mountains. And in this way you progress, though slowly. But, right up in the corner, it comes to be a matter of going straight through, sink or swim. Seldom have you felt so thankful as when, the last plunge over, your beast dragged its mud-besmeared body on to the hard ground, near by a farm: these last hundred yards have been dreadful: again and again were you on the point of taking a header into the mire: it wanted all your poor skill to stick in the saddle as Zaid kept plunging, rising for an instant, and again descending into the depths, its very nose striking the mud. You breathe freely when once more on solid earth. A stream has to be forded here—the Derdâra, the first of the four distinct components of the Jordan—but that is a trifling matter: a deeper and weightier torrent than this, so long as you have a firm basis to tread on, you would welcome as refreshing after the mud scramble you have just come through.

It is all the more annoying to be thus irritated, as if the writer had been content to adopt the ordinary first-person narrative he would probably have given us a pleasant addition to the voluminous literature of Eastern travel. For he is evidently a keen observer, and observes in a devout spirit, which is not always the case with the modern pilgrim to the Holy Land. His book is also effectively illustrated, and his defence of the traditional Calvary is interesting, though we do not quite see how he makes out his claim that "The scene of the transfiguration is probably "located at last."

A pleasanter book to read, as regards style, is the *Pictured Palestine* of Mr. Neil, who was formerly incumbent of Christ Church, Jerusalem, and has already, as it appears from his title-page, contributed not a few volumes to Palestine literature. He is at his best when he deals with what he has himself seen, and does not venture on matters of theological controversy, as where he endeavours to explain away the gift by our Lord to His Apostles of the Holy spirit, and of the power to pronounce absolution. We must, however own that it is only rarely that Mr. Neil thus goes beyond his proper theme, which is to treat of the manners and customs of Palestine, and what he specially emphasises, is the remarkable contrast between the manners and customs that he describes and those of our Western life. It is the "strangeness of the pictures" which he has to give that most impresses him, and he recognises in the East what we may call a kind of topsy-turveydown, which he considers other writers have not properly bronght out. Let us quote an example of his method.

Here we work with our feet covered, a necessary condition in damp cold climates; and when labouring only employs our naked hands. In warm dry Syria and Egypt, the feet being kept so much uncovered, come to be used in many kinds of work almost as much as the hands. Thus in one picture the Syrian carpenter may be seen holding his wood with his toes, where a carpenter with us would hold it with his fingers. In the same way the gardener will use his naked feet as much as his little short-handled hoe, which does duty as a spade to open a passage for the water in the garden irrigation trenches, or to close it up after sufficient has flowed through. Nor can we doubt that the first Adam—"watering with" his "feet," as Moses puts it, his garden of Eden, where he was placed "to toil on it and to keep it," which must mainly have meant irrigating it once a week in the hot season between the first of May and the end of October—and the "last Adam"—the "Lord from heaven," "the carpenter" of Nazareth, making the primitive wood framework of the one-roomed village houses, their wall pegs, their *medhwads*, or manger troughs, their rude red cradles and store boxes, and the ploughs and yokes of the village community, must both have worked in this way with their naked feet!

The picture to which the writer refers in this passage is a very clever sketch of a Palestine carpenter holding the wood with his toes, one out of a large number of excellent illustrations to which, far more than to its letterpress, the volume before us owes its attraction. Some of these pourtray for us the scenery and architecture, which are already familiar to us in a variety of earlier books on the subject, and others are taken from the monuments of Egypt, which have also been frequently reproduced; but the most original and characteristic, and, we must add, the most artistic of the sketches, deal with the people themselves. Many of these sketches are full of life and vigour, and convey, in a few graphic touches, a lifelike and most unconventional picture.

The next volume on our list, Mr. Oliphant's *Jerusalem and the Holy Land*, has to rest on its literary merits alone, as it is not illustrated at all, but is confined to word pictures. It is a reproduction of a series of clever, if occasionally somewhat flippant, letters which originally appeared in the columns of the *Spectator* during the year 1890. These letters are now enlarged, and have prefixed to them a chapter of practical hints which will be found useful by travellers in the Holy Land, while the writer has also added to them a concluding chapter, for the benefit of the student of politics, treating of the balance of power at Jerusalem. In this the writer discusses the several alternatives that present themselves to those who are naturally dissatisfied with the present condition of Palestine, which is, he says, grievous enough to excite astonishment and indignation in visitors to the country who have no experience of Ottoman rule elsewhere, though he does not go so far as to say that it is the worst governed province in the Turkish dominion. He points out that there is a general expectation and desire of some change among all classes—except the timid native cultivators, who are incapable of expecting, and have realised the hopelessness of desiring anything—and that almost any change which may be made will be for the better. If, in the great European contest which the various sects and divisions in Palestine feel must come off within the present generation, and must, when it comes off, seriously affect Palestine, there is to be a contest for the possession of the country, it is, in his opinion, most improbable that the inhabitants will make a stand on behalf of their present rulers, and the only practical question is who are to be substituted for them. In his view, leaving Mahomedan rule aside, there are four possible future conditions for Palestine. These are the supremacy of one of the three European Powers who have an interest in the country sufficient to justify a claim to such supremacy—England, France, and Russia—or the formation of the country into a little State by itself. Each of these he proceeds to discuss, and comes to the conclusion that the establishment of a British protectorate—at all events, for a time—is most within the range of practical politics, though there is a chance for an indepedent State set up under proper guarantees for its neutrality, and such a State would, he thinks, fare best if placed under the rule of some Protestant European Prince, either English or German, the former for choice, having regard to the spread of anti-Semitic principles in Germany.

The chapter in which this problem is discussed is a very interesting one, but we think that the speculations in which it indulges are somewhat too far removed from the immediate consideration of the general reader to attract his attention, and he will, probably, prefer the other portions of the book which give a popular and pleasantly-written account of the author's pilgrimage. He did not go out of the beaten track of the modern Cook-conducted tourist; but what he saw he describes graphically, and his little volume is certainly a pleasant addition to the literature of Eastern travel. As a specimen of his descriptive powers we should like to quote three passages, one his account of what was practically his first view of Jerusalem from the terrace of the Mediterranean Hotel on the morning after his arrival, another his ascent of Carmel, and the third his striking picture of the awful desolation of Tell Humm, which may or may not be the site of Capernaum. But we have not space for all three, and, having to choose between them, perhaps we may select the following, which, after describing a visit to the settlement at the foot of the mountain, with all its memories of poor Laurence Oliphant, and after giving an interesting sketch of the Druses—a most important factor in the political problem of the future of Palestine—tells us how the travellers started from the Druse cottage on their way to Nazareth:—

We had arranged to go up to the little Latin *hospice*, built in commemoration of Elijah's contest with the prophets of Baal on one of the peaks of Carmel, and descend from there to the plain of Esdraelon, over which our way to Nazareth would lie. Our road took us through a smiling country of verdure and flowers—Carmel is celebrated for its flowers. Masses of asphodel, cistus of every kind, cyclamen, anemones, all kinds of flowers, clothed the earth as with a carpet—

"Of nature's couch the living tapestry,"

as good Bishop Gavin hath it—while, finest of all were the great gorgeous hollyhocks, that light up the further slopes with their brilliant colouring. The little chapel of the Carmelites at the place called Elijah's altar is of no great interest, though it commands a fine view; but it is easy to see that it cannot be the actual place of his sacrifice, nor does it probably pretend to be so. Once the neighbourhood of the scene to be commemorated had been reached, the chapel would be built simply on the most convenient spot. The probable real scene of the famous contest was shown to us a little farther on, where we had begun the descent. Here there is a great green amphitheatre, where a vast multitude of people might be assembled. On one side is a fountain which is believed never to run dry,—the reader will remember that in spite of the great drought there appears to have been no difficulty in finding the water which Elijah asked for. The deep slope, down which we had to make way to the plain, might very have been the scene of the desperate fight of the priests of Baal, pursued by the mob of Israelites in all the ardour of a very new conversion, burning to expiate their backslidings by the slaughter of somebody else, and the river Kishon would naturally be the first barrier to their escape. The sea is not in sight from the place mentioned,—indeed we had turned our backs upon it; but Elijah's servant could easily have run up to the top of the ridge from which he could see over the Mediterranean far away to the westward. I have rarely, even in the Holy Land, been brought so perfectly face to face with a scene from any history, as in that dell at Carmel.

From the heights we thus traversed a really magnificent view was obtained, both of what we were leaving behind us and of the country we had yet to travel through. Coming suddenly upon the landscape, as we did at the summit of the ridge, there was something very striking in the aspect of the

great plain of Esdraelon below us. There is an air of peace and prosperity about the broad level expanse, checkered with the various colours of the different crops, with the little river Kishon winding its way though the midst of it. Yet it has been known as a battle-field for more than three thousand years, and all its memories are of blood. It was from that queer round hill of Tabor over against us, that Barak and his host dashed down upon the army of Sisera as they laboured through the partly inundated plain, which made their dreaded chariots a mere encumbrance: here, many centuries later, was the scene of one of the last combats of Christian and Moslem; here, too, after a lapse of five hundred years more, the Mohammedans had to encounter a very different enemy in the rough French heroes, who questioned each other on the march (as one of their number relates),—"Qu'est-ce-que c'est que la Terre Sainte? Pourquoi ce nom-là?" The country where the new Gospel of peace and love has left its traditions lies among the hills beyond. The glimpse of white on the two-peaked hill to the east of Mount Tabor is the end of the village of Nain; and another white building to the west we were told was above Nazareth, which was to be our halting place for that night.

CHARLES SIMEON.*

When we remember that Cardinal Newman's life, as given in Messrs. Methuen's *English Leaders of Religion*, occupied 250 pages, Bishop Wilberforce's 220 pages, and John Wesley's only 210 pages, we cannot but feel a certain sense of disproportion in finding 276 pages given to the life of the Rev. Charles Simeon. Mr. Moule, who is the autnor of that life, has in other respects performed his task well, due allowance being made for the hero worship which the modern Evangelicals have substituted for the saint worship of mediæval times. It cannot be denied that Simeon is entitled to a prominent place in this series, though his direct influence has faded away, and there are now very few clerymen who belong to the straitest sect of Simeonites so as to be eligible for the livings in the gift of the Simeon trustees. But for a time he was an undoubted power in the religious world, and did much good work, which ought not to be lost sight of, because he himself in a lesser degree, and his followers, as is generally the case, in a greater degree, departed from those true Church principles, an adherence to which makes the Church of England a true branch of the Church Catholic, and not a mere Calvinistic sect, as those who so depart would have it be.

The writer of the present biographical sketch does not profess to contribute anything new to the story of Simeon's life, but relies mainly on the sources of information already to hand, and more especially on the *Memoirs* by Canon Carus, to whose death, while the volume before us was passing through the press, a graceful and touching allusion is made in a note to the preface. The Canon was Simeon's intimate friend, his curate and his successor in Trinity Church, Cambridge, where Simeon laboured for fifty-four years, having been appointed to his living under circumstances which not unnaturally aroused a certain amount of opposition among the parishioners. For a young deacon, only ordained a few months previously, to be nominated to so important a post, mainly, as it appears, because his father was a man of influence and asked the Bishop to appoint him, and in direct defiance of the expressed wishes of the parishioners was a strong step and savoured somewhat of jobbery. Even his most devoted friends feared that the moderation and discretion of the new perpetual curate might turn out to be hardly equal to his undoubted courage and energy, and there was a certain amount of briskness and self-assertion about the young man so suddenly placed in a position of authority when he had to encounter no small amount of prejudice among his parishioners, his fellow townsmen, and the members of his university, which might seem to justify these fears. But those who knew him best had no dread of the ultimate result, as is well shown by an anecdote of Henry Venn, the rector of Yelling, a secluded parish about twelve miles west of Cambridge, where Simeon was a constant visitor.

He had 'just ridden away after a visit at the Rectory, and first one Miss Venn and then another exclaimed about his manner. "Come into the garden, children," their father said, and led them out into that favourite schoolroom. "Now pick me one of those peaches." But it was early summer, and "the time of peaches was not yet;" how could their father ask for the green fruit? "Well, my dears, it is green now, and we must wait; but a little more sun, and a few more showers, and the peach will be ripe and sweet. So it is with Mr. Simeon."

**English Leaders of Religion: Charles Simeon.* By H. C. G. Moule, M.A.—London: Methuen and Co., 1892.

But however difficult it might have been for the Bishop to justify the job under other circumstances, the ultimate success of Simeon at Trinity Church supplied him in the event with a complete justification. Here Simeon laboured for fifty-four years through evil report and good, and when he died at his post he was buried in the glorious chapel of the famous College of which he remained a Fellow till the day of his death. It will not be without interest to quote the biographer's comment on this long life labour viewed in regard to the external circumstances of the time:—

> We may notice that Simeon's life was almost exactly contemporary with that of his illustrious friend and fellow Cantabrigian, William Wilberforce, who was born in 1759 and died in 1833. William Pitt the younger began his shorter life also in 1759; but Pitt, an undergraduate at 15, had left Cambridge before Simeon entered. Another famous name of 1759 is Richard Porson. Like Simeon, and along with him, Porson was on the foundation of Eton, and he took his Bachelor's degree (from Trinity College) in 1782. Simeon outlasted the great Greek scholar seven-and-twenty years, surviving from a Cambridge which had only recently lost Gray, and was still full of living traditions of Bentley, into a Cambridge which already felt the influence of Sedgwick, Whewell, and Julius Hare. Measured on the line of English history, his life extended from the last months of George the Second almost to the accession of Victoria; from "the year of victories," the year of Wolfe's triumph at Quebec, through the whole course of the American War of Independence, and the campaigns of the French Revolution, till Waterloo was already a memory and the Thirty Years' Peace was drawing to its close. In the line of English literature, he travelled from the period of Johnson, Burns, and Cowper, to a time when Coleridge had already passed away, and the Lake School was on its way to literary victory, and the first writings of Macaulay and Tennyson were abroad. And in the line of English relgious history, he was born only twenty years after the definite rise of Methodism, and died nine years after the publication of the *Christian Year*, and only nine years before the secession of Mr. Newman to the Church of Rome.
>
> Such parallels and comparisons are always interesting and often important in the study of a long and powerful life; for the man who gives out a large influence, continuous and operative through many years, must himself feel and assimilate much of the influence of his time. Yet is plain to the reader of Simeon's story that he was one of those who are not highly sensitive to contemporary currents of action and thought. Partly by a peculiar concentration and independence of character, partly by a lack of the purely literary instinct, but most of all by an absolutely disinterested and single-minded devotion to "one thing," followed along a line which for him was drawn very distinctly, and in a certain sense narrowly, by the providence of God, Simeon passed his seventy-seven years very much more as a giver than a receiver of influence. We look in vain in his diaries, sermons, or letters for a large reflection of the innumerable interests of his period. Everything betokens a mind alert and vigorous, an observer full of clear intelligence, a man to whom nothing human was indifferent. But when he sat down to write, he wrote very much as Wesley had written before him, Wesley the all-observant and all-reading; like a man whose pen had little time for anything off the line of his public or private Christian ministry.

Four years after his appointment to Trinity Church Simeon preached his first University sermon, of which a graphic description is given:—

> Any of my readers who have attended our University Church will in some measure realise that scene; but those will do so best who recall what the church was before the great interior alterations made in 1864. It was a magnificent auditorium, though most anomalously arranged from the strict ecclesiastical point of view. The organ, as now, filled the western arch under the tower, and then, as now, the two aisles of the nave were occupied by spacious galleries, which are thronged with tier upon tier of undergraduate hearers when a popular preacher is in the pulpit. A similar deep gallery then projected from the front of the organ-loft, and opposite to it, filling the chancel arch and almost totally concealing the chancel, towered a gallery still deeper, the place where sat the Vice-Chancellor, Masters of Colleges, Doctors, and Professors. It was known always as the Golgotha, the Place of Heads, a word from which immemorial use had banished irreverence. Under the galleries sat the congregation from the town; and the central space left in the nave was filled with plain benches, set east and west, where sat the Masters of Arts. The pulpit, a tall wooden turret, dark and stately, stood at the western end of this space, facing eastward; it was mounted by an inner and unseen staircase, and a sort of mystery attended the preacher's emergence into daylight at the top, a position whence he perfectly commanded the whole assembly. The service was of the simplest. As the bells of St. Mary's ceased to ring, and the organ pealed its voluntary, the Vice-Chancellor and his brother dignitaries appeared in the Golgotha and took their places, while an Esquire Bedell with his silver mace led the preacher to the pulpit; a metrical psalm, or hymn, was sung; the Bidding Prayer and the Lord's Prayer were read by the preacher, the sermon was delivered, the grace pronounced, and all was over. Such precisely is still the ritual of that plain but solemn ordinance, save only that the procession which used to mount from an invisible vestry, and so issue into the Golgotha, now crosses the street from the Senate House and passed up the aisle to the stalls which line the open chancel. All is at present much more as it should be, as regards the properties of church arrangement. But there was a greater human grandeur about the whole scene, which cannot be recalled without some lingering regrets.
>
> Seldom was Great St. Mary's fuller than when Simeon preached there, as he did repeatedly; in 1786, 1796, 1810, 1811, 1815, 1823, 1831. And never was the attraction of curiosity stronger than when he ascended that pulpit for the first time. It was Advent Sunday, December 3. Thus does Venn describe the occasion to his son:
>
> "On Sunday se'nnight our friend Simeon appeared in St. Mary's pulpit. His friends were delighted, his bitterest foes struck dumb, and all mistaken in the man. On the Saturday before, Dr. Glynn called on him, and desired the favour of his company, and to bring his sermon with him; telling him he had a critical and a prejudiced audience to speak to, and he was his friend, believing him to be a good man. Mr. Simeon thankfully accepted the invitation. The Doctor heard the sermon, corrected and improved it, and concluded, 'Now, Sir, as I am called out, and cannot be at St. Mary's, I am glad I can say I have read the sermon, and shall be your advocate wherever I go.'
>
> "There was a very large congregation, and great attention, though it is said there were some who came to *scrape*. Pray much that his good may not be evil spoken of."
>
> A fuller account of that memorable sermon is given by Mr. Carus, as he heard it from his uncle, the Rev. W. Carus Wilson, who was present:
>
> "The greatest excitement prevailed on this occasion. St. Mary's was crowded with gownsmen; and at first there seemed a disposition to disturb and annoy the preacher in a manner at that period unhappily not unusual. But scarcely had he proceeded more than a few sentences, when the lucid arrangement of his exordium, and his serious and commanding manner, impressed the whole assembly with feelings of deep solemnity, and he was heard to the end with the most respectful and rivetted attention. The vast congregation departed in in a mood very different from that in which it had assembled; and it was evident, from the remarks which were overheard at going out, and the subdued tone in which they were made, that many were seriously affected as well as surprised at what they had heard. Of two young men who had come among the scoffers, one was heard to say to the other, 'Well, Simeon is no fool however!' 'Fool!' replied his companion, 'did you ever hear such a sermon before?'"

We do not intend to follow Mr. Moule through the whole of his narrative, or, indeed, to discuss the true position which Simeon must occupy among *English Leaders of Religion;* but the chapter which he devotes to his hero as "Preacher, Theologian, Churchman," must not pass without notice, as it is a good specimen of the admirable taste and temper in which, as a whole, the biography has been written. It is not necessary to premise that we are unable to agree with the biographer in all that he says and we must admit that he has somewhat idealised the real, narrow-minded, prejudiced Simeon, whose narrow-mindedness and prejudice were painfully exaggerated by his followers. But it is only fair that Mr. Moule should be allowed to present his own estimate of a man whose influence was once great, and who, it may be, by that influence, strange as it may seem to the few remaining Simeonites to say so, really did much to prepare the way for that truer revival of Church principles, the scene of which was to be at Oxford, not at Cambridge, and which was to proceed on Catholic, not on Calvinistic, lines. We accordingly conclude our notice of Mr. Moule's life of Simeon with the following extract, taken from the chapter to which we have referred:—

> Perhaps the English Church never had a more loving and devoted son and servant than Simeon. From the first to the last of his Cambridge life he was, in Brown's words, "resolutely and unceasingly anxious that all men should love and venerate the Church of England, instead of watching and spying out her faults, which were, he said, at the worst, no more than 'spots upon the sun's disk.' He would say, 'Seek not to change even what you deem faulty, for hardly any change could be effected in the Prayer-book which would not result in greater evils than those which you wish to remedy. You cannot realise the evil results to England of any material alteration in the Book of Common Prayer; no other human work is so free from faults as it is.'" In the use of that Book in public worship he found one of his purest joys. We saw how its prayers became "marrow and fatness" to his soul after his conversion; and so they remained: "Never do I find myself nearer to God than I often am in the reading-desk." "The finest sight short of heaven would be a whole congregation using the prayers of the Liturgy in the true spirit of them."

He deplored the coldness and slackness of Church life in the country generally, and he looked on its real resuscitation as one of the sacred objects of his own labours. And I cannot but think that not a little of the revived consciousness of corporate life and duty in the national Church, often attributed almost wholly to the movement which Simeon lived to see begin at Oxford, is due to his persistent work and witness at the other centre of academic influence.

It is sometimes said that Simeon and his friends exaggerated the subjective side of religion, and only faintly recognised the objective side. But was it so? They never made emotion, or even spiritual experience, their basis, or their test. And never certainly did Simeon fail in loyalty to the objectivity, not only of the written Word of God, but of the historic Ministry and Sacraments.

He held that the Christian minister is quite distinctively God's ambassador; not indeed a mediator, but an appointed means. He said of the Benediction; "In pronouncing it, I do not do it as a mere finale, but I feel that I am actually dispensing peace from God, and at God's command. I know not the individuals to whom my benediction is a blessing; but I know that I am the appointed instrument by whom God is conveying the blessing to those who are able to receive it."

Cordial was his loyalty to his ecclesiastical leaders. When slanderous reports of his preaching had been sent to Ely, he wrote to Bishop Dampier, unasked, the most careful and respectful explanations. "As under divine Providence your Lordship is now become my immediate superior in the Church, to whom I owe all possible deference and respect, I trust your Lordship will approve of my wish to lay before you the means of ascertaining my true sentiments, and of obviating any misconceptions which the statements of others might possibly create." He calls on a young friend, a clergymen, who was disposed to resist what he thought harsh interference from his diocesan, to beware of a disloyal spirit: "Write that, while it is your first desire to approve yourself to God, you are most unfeignedly desirous of giving satisfaction to the Bishop, as appointed over you in the Lord." His own fatal illness was caught on a visit of respect to a new Bishop at Ely.

Daniel Wilson, himself Bishop of Calcutta, says of Simeon, in a paper of "Recollections" printed at the close of Mr. Carus' Memoir; "He neither verged towards the great error of over-magnifying the ecclesiastical polity and placing it in the stead of Christ and salvation, nor towards the opposite extreme of under-valuing the Sacraments and the authority of an apostolical Episcopacy."

It is hardly to be wondered at that some, who should have known him better, displeased with a balance of judgment which they did not share, should even have said of Simeon, who had borne social exile for the Gospel's sake, "He is more of a Churchman than a Gospel-man."

Correspondence.

THE NEWMAN STATUE.

Sir,—It is the fashion for English Churchmen to throw the blame of all things on their Church. Men are saying everywhere now that Dr. Newman was "persecuted out of the Church of England." They do not see that this is to cast a grievous slur upon his memory. It implies that he became a Romanist, not from conviction, but under the pressure of persecution. And, after all, what was that persecution? He had to bear his part of the opposition which naturally arose against a movement novel and startling, and which was aimed chiefly at the unguarded statements put forth, if not by him, by many who were associated with him. He had, however, many mitigations, helping him to bear what he must have looked for. He was in high place, surrounded by men of noble mind and heart, who called him leader; and he had that which to the true and strong gives a proud joy—the feeling that he was fighting a hard fight for what he was sure was a true cause, and was sure must win.

I am grateful to Dr. Newman for writing the "Apolcgia." In that book the best man that Rome got from us did his best to show that he had good reasons for the step he took, and could give us good reasons. I have been asked to join in doing public honour to his memory. To me it is a question between doing so, and showing right jealousy for the honour of my mother the Church, who nursed and taught him, and whose bitter foe he became. He wronged her and religion, not only by deserting her, and by the scandal which his desertion caused, but by the loss of all that he might have done, had he stood side by side with those steadfast, though perhaps less attractive, men, who were faithful unto death. It may be well to proclaim to the youth of Oxford that if a man is pure in his private life, and writes good English, and is a great scholar, nothing need be said of his turning back in the day of battle and deserting the Church of this land to fight on the side of her bitterest foe. I have been brought up much among soldiers, and so have not as much of the clerical mind as perhaps I ought to have. Let me put a case. Suppose that one of our generals, during the Zulu war, had been convinced that we had no right in the Zulu country, and in the crisis of the struggle had gone over to the foe. His old comrades would have given him all credit for purity of motive. They would have admired his skill, though it was used against them. But they most assuredly would not have erected a monument to his memory opposite the War Office, or the Horse Guards, much less at Woolwich or Sandhurst.

There are many of us who wish to think with all kindness of the late Cardinal. But, when we are asked, as English Catholics, to do him public honour, questions are raised, and we are forced to speak out what we could wish to banish from our thoughts.

CHURCHMAN FIRST.

AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

Sir,—One of the principal causes of the scarcity of agricultural labourers at present I should consider to be the scarcity of employment in the winter months. Farmers as a rule keep as few hands as possible in winter, threshing their corn by machinery, for indeed it would never be done by flail now. Young men prefer railway employment, to be gardeners (either head or under), in the army, post-office, stable work, bricklayers' labourers, &c., to working on the land.

In a small agricultural village out of thirty-four young working men who have been brought up in the village only nine are employed on the land at all. Out of the nine, two are not at all reliable hands, one is rather deficient in ability, three are only partially employed at farm work, leaving only three able-bodied young men employed solely at farm work, one of them out of the parish. Of the remaining twenty-five some are gardeners, gentlemen's servants, soldiers, grooms, in the railway service and post-office, anything rather than go to plough. Among them there are five gardeners, four gentleman's servants, two soldiers, five on railway, one carpenter, three grooms and gardener, three labourers to trades, such as bricklayers' labourers, one platelayer on the railway, one post office servant. Four only of these twenty-five are living in the parish or settled near it.

The principle causes of such a state of things are the comparatively low wages paid by the ordinary farmer, poor and deficient cottage accomodation in many instances, the longing for freedom which they feel they can have when they get away from their homes and earn their living elsewhere. Living oftentimes as the labourers do in farmers' houses, their sons feel a sort of restraint which they are glad to throw off, and come back and show themselves as good as the farmers' sons. Sometimes, of course, they fail miserably, but the majority, as far as I know them, do well, if they keep sober and industrious.

What are wanted are better cottages, and better employment in winter time. In some districts a good many find employment in the woods in the winter time, cutting the underwood and making it up into hurdles, spars, fagots, &c., and work on farms in the summer. Many might be employed in improving estates in the matter of draining, hedging, ditching, road-making, &c., if the money were forthcoming.

Ordinary farmers cannot afford to increase their labour bill, and gentlemen who farm their own land, and farm high comparatively speaking, say they cannot make it pay. If the labourers could be put in a position to make an adequate provision for old age, without having the workhouse looming in the distance, and without taking away their independence, or, in other words, if they could be effectually helped to help themselves, so that every hard-working, sober, and persevering man could keep above the parish help, except perhaps for medical relief, a great attraction would be added to the position of our agricultural labourers.

Yours faithfully,
RURAL.

CLERICAL DISTRESS.

Sir,—In this time of plague and sickness—from which I am myself suffering—I wish respectfully to ask how I am to supply the whole of my parish with beef-tea and other requisites—they are all down; how to start the usual coal-club with a sovereign or half-a-sovereign; how to keep the clothing-club going (I am the only subscriber in a population of labourers, most of them with ten children, and 10s. a-week to keep them on); how to keep the Church services going, to light and heat the church; to pay the parish clerk; to respond to the hundred-and-one claims of my literally starving and ailing parishioners; and last, but perhaps not entirely least, to feed, clothe, and otherwise provide for myself, all out of an income of £60 a-year?

Do you say the problem is insoluble? Yet there are hundreds of other poor clergy who are daily struggling to solve it with even nearer approximation to bankruptcy or the grave. Is or is not the very existence of such a problem, a scandal, and a disgrace to the wealthiest Church of Christendom? Is there being any united effort made to remove this blot by the chief lay and clerical members of our communion?

Let me ask the Archbishop one question. When a large collection was started for the clergy in 1887 the Archbishop stated that the fund would only be wanted *for a few years*. Why? Who told him so? The few years have passed away, and so has the Clergy Distress Fund, and we are in circumstances more straitened than ever. And herein let me not be misunderstood. We do not want the doles of a charity; even in the ecclesiastical vineyard the labourer is worthy of his hire; he has fairly earned his wages, and ought not to have to beg for them, after having got the Bishop, the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean to certify that he is indigent. What we require is a large central fund to augment small livings up to £200 a year each. It is not a large demand, but the matter simply must be taken up, and at once, by our dignitaries and high authorities. Is it possible that the Archbishop can remain deaf to the entreaties from all sides? We are doing our best under almost impossible conditions. Will he not help us before it is too late?

A RECTOR OF SIXTY POUNDS A YEAR.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSTIC RULES.

A Prize of One Guinea is given every month for the successful solution of the Acrostics appearing in the *John Bull*.

The present monthly competition will include the Acrostics that are given on Feb. 6, 13, 20, and 27.

At the end of the month, in case competitors tie, they will proceed to guess off the ties, being debarred from prize-winning in the fresh monthly competition so long as they are engaged in contesting the ties.

No competitor can gain more than two Monthly Prizes in the course of the year.

All solutions must be forwarded not later than the Monday week following the appearance of the Acrostic addressed to the ACROSTIC EDITOR of the *John Bull*, 6, Whitefriars-street, Fleet-street, E.C., and signed by a pseudonym of not inordinate length.

Alternatives to the number of three are allowed.

All solutions received are acknowledged, whether correct or not.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 1.

(FEBRUARY, 1891.)

1.	T	ONI	C
2.	E	MBRY	O
3.	N	YLGHA	U
4.	N	EIGHBOU	R
5.	I	MPOS	T
6.	S	EAMSTRES	S

Light 5.—Interest is accepted as an alternative.

Solutions have been received from Doobeg, Iden, Edith, White Hat, Etak, Molly, Ancient Briton, Erica, M.A.E.B., J.E.M., The Owl, E.A.F., Dunston, E.V.P., Chelmsford, Robin, Elle, Boozlewax, Hadji, Grasmere, The Griffin, Sociable, Garbir, Chameleon, Remlaw, and Noryb.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. 3.

(FEBRUARY, 1892.)

PROEM.

Account for it howe'er you may,
'Tis a common failing at the present day.

1.

Oft in the end to this has man been brought.

2.

In the paradise of the East must be sought.

3.

A missing link—is it folly or science declares?

4.

Cruciferous and lyre-shaped leaves it bears.

5.

An article that woman sometimes wears.

The March number of *The Thinker* will contain an important paper on "Dogma in the New Testament," by Professor Godet, and also a criticism on Mr. Bunting's paper read at Washington by Rev. G. T. Selby.

JOHN BULL.

LONDON, February 20.

We can express neither surprise nor regret at the failure of the Irish Land Purchase Act of the Government. Thus far Mr. Balfour's elaborate scheme does not work. Mr. Jackson states the position of affairs up to the present time. He says the Land Commissioners reported that applications under the Land Purchase Act of 1891 were received up to December 31 from twenty-two counties. From Ulster there were forty-two applications, representing thirteen estates and £18,764; from Leinster, twenty-nine applications, representing nine estates and £15,703; from Munster, ninety-one applications, representing sixteen estates and £41,516; from Connaught, thirteen applications, representing five estates and £3,601. The total was 175 applications, from forty-three estates, representing in money £79,584. Taking the report up to January 31st the total applications represented £130,000. No case had been sanctioned, and no stock had been issued.

The Irish Nationalist view of the failure was given by Mr. Sexton. He remarked:—"The monthly reports of the Land Commission had been kept back ever since July last—the month before the Land Purchase Act was passed. All this silence could only be ascribed to the fact that there was no pleasant story to tell. There was no excuse for the blunder of the Government. They had the result of the working of the Ashbourne system before them. The report in their hands showed that up to the date of its issue 14,000 proprietors had been created in Ireland at an expenditure of £6,000,000, that the amount repayable to the State was about £400,000, and that the arrears upon that sum were only £600. Had the British Exchequer ever come off so well with any other class of debtors? In the whole five years during which the Act of 1885 had been in operation the Land Commission had put up for sale only twenty-seven farms, and in the whole course of these stupendous transactions not one penny had been lost by the State. What ought to have been the effect of this experience upon the mind of the right hon. gentleman in drawing up his Land Purchase Bill? The plain moral was that the securities devised under the Ashbourne system were sufficient. Those securities were the value of the holding and the amount of the guarantee deposit. To those securities the right hon. gentleman in his Bill added four others—a reserve fund of £40,000 a year drawn from Ireland; an insurance fund to be provided by the purchasing tenants; power to hypothecate Imperial grants to Ireland; and power to make a levy on the county rates to recoup Imperial grants. In his judgment all this was superfluous. He did not believe that either the hypothecation of the Imperial grants or the power taken to levy upon the county rates would have prevented the practical success of the Act, if individual landlords and individual tenants had seen the transactions under the Act to be to their advantage; but the fatal blot upon the Act was the insurance fund. The Land Purchase Act resembled the Home Rule Plan of the right hon. gentleman the member for West Birmingham—it satisfied nobody, neither the landlords nor the tenants. It was a very foolish piece of financial pedantry to refuse the Irish landlord the option between Consols and Land Stock. That option would have smoothed the working of the Act, and the refusal of the option was partly responsible for the failure of the Act. Irish members begged and prayed for the omission of the clause dealing with the insurance fund, but the right hon. gentleman would have no material amendment. The land purchase system had been for five years in operation in Ireland, and in that system there was no insurance fund. Since 1885 every purchaser of land in Ireland had been from the first allowed the full benefit of his bargain. He was only asked to pay the State 4 per cent. upon the purchase-money. Was it therefore reasonable, was it intelligible, of the right hon. gentleman who was Chief Secretary for Ireland last year to expect that the farmers of Ireland would bind themselves to a contract with the State to which they and their successors would be rigidly tied for half a century upon such terms that every man would be obliged for the first five years, under the name of an insurance fund, to pay to the State, perhaps, double as much as was paid in the first five years by his neighbour across the road or in the next parish under the Ashbourne Act? The right hon. gentleman knew little of Ireland and nothing of human nature if he expected anything of the kind. The Act was passed six months ago, and £30,000,000 was there available to any one; but that afternoon the Chief Secretary for Ireland had informed the House that not £1 of Guaranteed Land Stock had been issued to any Irish landlord. But not only did he judge the failure of the Act from the paucity of transactions, but still more from the public indifference which had been exhibited. In the space of nearly half a year, with an available total of £30,000,000 as a beginning, the total amount applied for had been not £750,000, as it ought to be by parity with the Ashbourne Act, but £80,000 to the end of the year, and £130,000 to the end of January. They knew the eagerness of many landlords of Ireland to escape from their present position. What must be the opinion of this Act when they found that out of 9,000 landlords forty-three had applied, and out of about 500,000 tenants seventy-five?"

Mr. Arthur Balfour, in speaking at the Constitutional Club on Wednesday night, dealt with the perennial Home Rule question; and gave, in a graphic fashion, a picture of Mr. Gladstone's difficulties. He said:—"It does seem that the Gladstonian leaders are in this dilemma: they have promised one thing to the English electorate, they have promised another thing to the Irish electorate, and they have not made up their minds whether they are going to cheat the English electorate or whether they are going to cheat the Irish electorate. The question we want to know is, who are the dupes? I myself think that the question would probably be answered by the Gladstonians by a careful considering of which way their interest lies. It is not a question of pledges, recollect that. Their path is strewn with broken pledges. I do not think that they will be troubled, when they come to the task—if ever they do come to the task—of framing their precious Bill, with anything that any of them has said. What they will consider is, out of which kind of fraud—I mean the fraud on the English electors, or the fraud on the Irish electors—they are going to suck most advantage. Having attempted, as far as I can, very impartially to consider that question, I confess that the conclusion to which I have arrived is that they will find themselves in a very considerable difficulty. The Irish party are now pursuing—I mean the section of the Irish with which I am alone dealing to-night—what they call Constitutional methods; and I frankly admit that their Constitutional methods are much less criminal than dynamite, outrage, boycotting, and other incidents in the great drama of Irish emancipation with which we are only too familiar. But what do they mean by Constitutional methods? What do they mean by the Constitutional methods of which they are so often boasting? I will tell you; it is a very simple matter. They mean to use their representation in the House of Commons to make it impossible for any Government to whom they give the honour of their support to do anything which they do not like. And, no doubt, Sir William Harcourt and his friends know perfectly well that if they bring in a Home Rule Bill which does not exactly suit the case of Mr. Redmond and his friends, of Mr. Sexton, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Healy, and their friends, that these gentlemen may—and if their threats are to be believed they will promptly take the first opportunity of kicking the Liberal Government out of office. Mr. O'Brien, with candour and frankness, and that command of strong language which has always characterised him, stated this fact in terms which leave no room for doubt. 'Our alliance leaves us free as air to fight to the death for the cause of Ireland, if the Liberal leaders should turn out to be the base scoundrels which I anticipate they will, and if they should forsake their pledges.' So that if we are to put ourselves forward to that, I trust, remote period when the Gladstonian party will be occupied in considering what particular kind of Home Rule Bill they will introduce, they will have to account with the fact that, if they do not bring in a Home Rule Bill which gives to the Irish Parliament freedom as great as the Parliaments of Australia and Canada possess, they will be treated by Mr. O'Brien and his friends as base scoundrels, and, I presume, will promptly be turned out of office as far as Mr. O'Brien and his friends are able to reach that end.

"That is on one side of the account. Let us turn to the other side of the account. They will have to consider in framing this Home Rule Bill what they will lose if they meet Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Redmond and his friends, and bring in a Bill giving the Home Rule Parliament all that Mr. Redmond asks for it. Then, I apprehend, they will have to account with the English constituencies. I admit that the English constituencies have—and I do not blame them for it—an immense loyalty to the party to which they have always belonged, whether that be the Gladstonian party or any other party. But there are limits to the patience even of an English constituency. I think Mr. Fowler's speeches show that in the opinion of the Gladstonians themselves those limits have almost been reached. For what is the claim put forward by the Irish? The claim is this—that they are to manage all their own affairs, meaning by their own affairs specifically among other things the land laws and the police. And who are the gentlemen who put forward this pledge? Who are the gentlemen who are to arrange the land laws of Ireland? They are the very same gentlemen of whom the Special Commission found 'that they had entered into a conspiracy, by a system of coercion and intimidation, to promote an agrarian agitation against the payment of agricultural rents, for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the Irish landlords, who were styled the English garrison.' These are the men whom the Irish party demand as a right should be entrusted with the task of framing the future land laws for Ireland. They also ask as a right that they shall have the control of the police. And who are the gentlemen who make this claim for the control of the police? They are those who, again to quote from the Special Commission report, 'did not denounce the system of intimidation which led to crime and outrage, but persisted in it with knowledge of its effect.' It is to these gentlemen that the Irish party require that both the control of the land laws and the control of the police should be handed over in a manner which would deprive the Imperial Parliament, no matter what injustice, what oppression, and what crime was committed thereby, of the absolute control both of the police and of the legislation in regard to the land. But it is evident that their claims cannot and will not rest there. These are the things that they are most anxious for at the moment; but well they know, and must know, that if these things are granted other things must follow. If Ireland is to manage her own affairs in the sense of managing her land laws and her police, how can she be deprived of the power to manage her customs and her excise? How will it be possible, in fact or in logic, to deprive Ireland of the power which Canada and Australia—the very examples which Mr. O'Brien and his friends have quoted—possess of imposing what duties they please upon British goods and of making what restrictions they please upon British commerce? But even that does not represent the full absurdity of the case which, if the Irish side of the dilemma is accepted by Sir William Harcourt, will have to be swallowed by the British constituencies, because we know from Mr. Morley, in the debate upon the Address only a few nights ago, that there are to be Irish representatives in the Imperial Parliament. Now, I would ask any reasonable man what we are to think of the system which we are to deal with, if the Irish claims are granted, and if at the same time Irish members are to be in the House of Commons. You will have, perhaps, 100 Irish members, or perhaps fifty or thirty—and the number makes no difference to my argument—in the House of Commons. They are to vote on our affairs. We are not to say a word about their affairs. They are to vote upon every question which affects an Englishman, a Welshman, or a Scotchman; but we are to say nothing upon anything which affects an Irishman. And the Irish

member will not be under the same kind of control which an English or Scotch or Welsh representative is at this moment. An English or Scotch representative has to reckon with his constituents; above all things he has to give an account of what the Parliament at Westminster does with regard to the interests of those whom he represents. But the Irish member in the British Parliament under the Home Rule Bill that I have been considering will have no responsibility at all of the kind I have been describing. He will be able to vote upon all English questions—questions of land tenure, upon all the multitudinous interests which Englishmen and Scotchmen have to consider without either in his own person or in the persons of his constituents having the slightest interest in the result that may be arrived at. And what would be the consequence of such a state of things? There could be only one consequence. The 100, or the fifty, or the thirty Irish members, whichever they may be, who come to Westminster, will be so many soldiers of fortune who will be prepared to support any Government which offers to extend the already undue privileges given to the Irish Parliament."

Although the Liberal Unionists, in point of numbers, are but a feeble folk, it is necessary to acknowledge that they are setting an excellent example of energy. They have already practically completed their arrangements in view of the General Election, and from the list of candidates whom they are bringing forward it will be seen that they are not only defending the seats they now hold, but are proceeding to attack no less than forty-nine seats at present in the possession of the Gladstonian party, and five seats in Ireland at present held by Irish Nationalists. The following is the list of Liberal Unionist candidates for the General Election:—

ENGLAND AND WALES.

Present Members.	Liberal Unionist Candidates.
BATH.	
E. R. Wodehouse (L.U.)	E. R. Wodehouse.
BEDS—NORTH.	
Viscount Baring (L.U.)	Viscount Baring.
SOUTH.	
C. Flower (G.)	Colonel O. T. Duke.
BIRMINGHAM—EDGBASTON.	
Geo. Dixon (L.U.)	Geo. Dixon.
WEST.	
Right Hon. J. Chamberlain (L.U.)	Right Hon. J. Chamberlain.
CENTRAL.	
J. A. Bright (L.U.)	J. A. Bright.
NORTH.	
W. Kenrick (L.U.)	W. Kenrick.
BORDESLEY.	
Jesse Collings (L.U.)	Jesse Collings.
SOUTH.	
J. Powell-Williams (L.U.)	J. Powell-Williams.
BRISTOL—NORTH.	
Lewis Fry (L.U.)	Lewis Fry.
BUCKS—MID.	
Baron F. de Rothschild (L.U.)	Baron F. de Rothschild.
BURY.	
Right Hon. Sir Henry James (L.U.)	Right Hon. Sir Henry James.
BURNLEY.	
J. S. Balfour (G.)	E. Lawrence.
BRADFORD—CENTRAL.	
J. G. Shaw-Lefevre (G.)	Marquis of Lorne.
CARMARTHEN BOROUGHS.	
Sir A. Cowell Stepney	Sir J. J. Jenkins.
CORNWALL—ST. IVES.	
T. B. Bolitho (L.U.)	T. B. Bolitho.
TRURO.	
W. Bickford Smith (L.U.)	J. C. Williams.
BODMIN.	
Right Hon. L. Courtney (L.U.)	Right Hon. L. Courtney.
CAMBORNE.	
C. A. V. Conybeare (G.)	A. Strauss.
LAUNCESTON.	
C. T. Dyke Acland (G.)	Sir L. Molesworth.
ST. AUSTELL.	
W. A. M'Arthur (G.)	J. Westlake.
CUMBERLAND—ESKDALE.	
R. A. Allison (G.)	H. C. Howard.
CARDIFF.	
Sir E. J. Reed (G.)	J. Gunn.
DERBY.	
Thomas Roe Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt	Sir A. C. Haslam.
WEST.	
Victor Cavendish (L.U.)	Victor Cavendish.
CHESTERFIELD.	
A. Barnes (L.U.)	A. Barnes.
DEVON—NORTH-WEST.	
G. Pitt-Lewis (L.U.)	Leedham White.
DEVON—WEST.	
Lord Ebrington (L.U.)	Colonel White Thomson.
SOUTH.	
F. B. Mildmay (L.U.)	F. B. Mildmay.
NORTH.	
G. Lambert (G.)	C. W. Buller.
DURHAM—SOUTH-EAST.	
Sir H. Havelock-Allan (L.U.)	Sir H. Havelock-Allan.
NORTH-WEST.	
L. A. Atherley Jones (G.)	John Dunville.
CHESTER-LE-STREET.	
James Joicey (G.)	Sir E. Sullivan.
DARLINGTON.	
Theodore Fry (G.)	J. Pease.
GREAT GRIMSBY.	
Rt. Hon. E. Heneage (L.U.)	Rt. Hon. E. Heneage.
GATESHEAD.	
Hon. W. H. James (G.)	Pandeli Ralli.
HEREFORD—SOUTH.	
Michael Biddulph (L.U.)	M. Biddulph.
HARTLEPOOL.	
C. Furness (G.)	T. Richardson.
ISLINGTON—WEST.	
R. Chamberlain (L.U.)	R. Chamberlain.
LANCASHIRE—HEYWOOD.	
Isaac Hoyle (G.)	Sir Henry Lawrence.
LANCASTER.	
Jas. Williamson (G.)	Sir Thomas Storey.
LEICESTER.	
J. A. Picton (G.) A. M'Arthur (G.)	Thos. Wright.
LONDON UNIVERSITY.	
Rt. Hon. Sir. John Lubbock (L.U.)	Rt. Hon. Sir John Lubbock.
LINCOLNSHIRE—SPALDING.	
Halley Stewart (G.)	H. F. Pollock.
MANCHESTER—SOUTH-WEST.	
Jacob Bright (G.)	Professor Hopkinson.
MERIONETHSHIRE.	
T. E. Ellis (G.)	A. M. Dunlop.
NOTTINGHAM—WEST.	
Hy. Broadhurst (G.)	Colonel Seely.
NORTHUMBERLAND—TYNESIDE.	
W. B. Beaumont (G.)	Arnold White.
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.	
D. H. Coghill (L.U.)	D. H. Coghill.
NORFOLK—MID.	
R. T. Gurdon (L.U.)	R. T. Gurdon.
SOUTH.	
F. Taylor (L.U.)	F. Taylor.
PORTSMOUTH.	
Sir Wm. Crossman (L.U.)	Rt. Hon. E. Ashley.
PETERBOROUGH.	
A. C. Morton (G.)	R. Purvis.
ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER-SQUARE.	
Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen (L.U.)	Rt. Hon. G. J. Goschen.
ST. PANCRAS—SOUTH.	
Sir J. Goldsmid (L.U.)	Sir J. Goldsmid.
SHROPSHIRE—MID.	
A. H. Brown (L.U.)	A. H. Brown.
SHROPSHIRE—SOUTH.	
R. Jasper More (L.U.)	R. Jasper More.
SOMERSET—East.	
H. Hobhouse (L.U.)	H. Hobhouse.
STAFFS.—WEST.	
Hamar Bass (L.U.)	Hamar Bass.
STAFFS.—LICHFIELD.	
Sir J. Swinburne (G.)	Capt. Harrison.
SUFFOLK.—SOUTH.	
W. C. Quilter (L.U.)	W. Cuthbert Quilter.
SUNDERLAND.	
S. Storey (G.) E. T. Gourley (G.)	Hon. F. W. Lambton.
SOUTH SHIELDS.	
J. C. Stevenson (G.)	Sir A. Fairbairn.
WILTS—NORTH.	
N. Story Maskelyne (L.U.)	N. Story Maskelyne.
WOLVERHAMPTON—SOUTH.	
Right Hon. C. P. Villiers (L.U.)	Right Hon. C. P. Villiers.
WORCESTER—MID.	
J. Corbett (L.U.)	R. B. Martin.
WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON.	
Right Hon. A. Peel (L.U.)	Right. Hon. A. Peel.
YORKSHIRE—SKIPTON.	
W. Morrison (L.U.)	W. Morrison.
COLNE VALLEY.	
H. F. Beaumont (L.U.)	J. Sugden.
DONCASTER.	
Hon. W. H. W. Fitzwilliam (L.U.)	Hon. W. H. W. Fitzwilliam.
SOWERBY.	
E. Crossley (G.	H. T. Crook.
SCOTLAND.	
AYR—NORTH.	
Hon. Hugh E lio L.U.)	Hon. T. Cochrane.
CLACKMANNAN AND KINROSS.	
J. B. Balfour (G.)	David Reid.
CAITHNESS-SHIRE.	
G. B. Clark (G.)	Dr. W. J. Bell.
DUMFRIES-SHIRE.	
Sir R. Jardine, Bart. (L.U.)	J. Maxwell, junr.
DUMFRIES BURGHS.	
R. T. Reid (G.)	A. N. Agnew.
DUNDEE.	
E. Robertson (G.) Jno. Leng (G.)	W. C. Smith.
EDINBURGH—WEST.	
T. R. Buchanan (G.)	Viscount Wolmer.
SOUTH.	
Right Hon. H. C. E. Childers (G.)	Lewis M'Iver.
EAST.	
R. Wallace (G.)	R. M. Fullarton.
CENTRAL.	
W. M'Ewan (G.)	A. K. Connell.
FALKIRK BURGHS.	
W. P. Sinclair (L.U.)	W. P. Sinclair.
FORFARSHIRE.	
J. W. Barclay (L.U.)	J. W. Barclay.
GLASGOW—TRADESTON.	
A. Cameron Corbett (L.U.)	A. Cameron Corbett.
GREENOCK.	
Sir T. Sutherland (L.U.)	Sir T. Sutherland.
GLASGOW—CAMLACHIE.	
H. Watt (G.)	A. Cross.
INVERNESS-SHIRE.	
C. Fraser Mackintosh (L.U.)	C. Fraser Mackintosh.
INVERNESS BURGHS.	
R. B. Finlay (L.U.)	R. B. Finlay.
HAWICK GROUP.	
A. L. Brown (G.)	Austen Chamberlain.
LANARK—PARTICK.	
J. Parker Smith (L.U.)	J. Parker Smith.
LEITH BURGHS.	
R. C. M. Fergusson (G.)	W. A. Bell.
MONTROSE BURGHS.	
J. S. Will (G.)	R. A. Lockhart.
MORAY AND NAIRN.	
J. Seymour Keay (G.)	Sir W. C. Gull.
ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.	
L. Lyell (G.)	W. Younger.
PEBBLES AND SELKIRK.	
W. Thorburn (L.U.)	W. Thorburn.
PERTH—WEST.	
Sir Donald Currie (L.U.)	Sir Donald Currie.
ROXBURGHSHIRE.	
Hon. A. Elliot (L.U.)	Hon. A. Elliot.
ROSS AND CROMORTY.	
Dr. R. M'Donald (G.)	Provost N. Maclean.
ST. ANDREW'S BURGHS.	
H. T. Anstruther (L.U.)	H. T. Anstruther.
STIRLING BURGHS.	
Right Hon. H. Campbell-Bannerman (G.)	Walter Hughes.
STIRLINGSHIRE.	
J. C. Bolton (G.)	E. Noel.
WICK BURGHS.	
J. M. Cameron (G.)	Sir John Pender.
IRELAND.	
BELFAST—WEST.	
Thomas Sexton (N.)	H. O. Arnold Foster.
DONEGAL—EAST.	
A. O'Connor (N.)	E. T. Herdman.
DOWN—SOUTH.	
M. McCartan (N.)	J. Walter Graig.
DUBLIN—ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN.	
T. A. Dickson (N.)	W. Kenny.
FERMANAGH—SOUTH.	
H. Campbell (N.)	A. Patton.
LONDONDERRY—SOUTH.	
Thomas Lea (L.U.)	Thomas Lea.
TYRONE—SOUTH.	
T. W. Russell (L. U.)	T. W. Russell.

The death of Canon Chamberlain, Student of Christ Church and for fifty years Vicar of St. Thomas-the-Martyr, Oxford, removes a figure that has in times past been familiar to we know not how many generations of Oxford Churchmen. Most visitors to the University City must have noticed from the railway, a short distance outside the Great Western station, the quaint old church, dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, conspicuous by its charming grey tower and well kept churchyard. The parish of St. Thomas's, with its ancient High-street, is really a village in itself, though joining Oxford. All the houses, with few exceptions, seem to be centuries old, and are inhabited chiefly by a poor population, some of whom represent families that have lived there probably for hundreds of years. It is interesting to reflect that St. Thomas's Church still survives three centuries after its great neigh-

bours, the celebrated Abbeys of Osney and Rewley, were wiped out of existence by impious and avaricious hands. Thomas Chamberlain was one of the first parish priests to set forth visibly before his people forgotten truths which the Tractarian movement had once more brought to light. In the early days of his incumbency his efforts to raise his parish from its level of degradation were the occasion of serious riots, the mob sometimes following him to the very gate of his college, where he then resided. But Chamberlain was undismayed, and he had his way—as, by-the-by, he generally had in most things. No contrast could be greater than that between the state of the parish when he first came to it and its present condition. Before many years had passed the Vicar, living among his parishioners, was respected and beloved by all. Among them, as a rule, his will was law; though there still remained a small but active Dissenting-Radical element, which was decidedly a thorn in the good man's side. St. Thomas's has for years, however, been a Tory stronghold; the present Member for Oxford, Mr. Alexander Hall, being specially popular among his neighbours in St. Thomas's, where he is universally known as "the Squire."

It has often been said—we believe with truth—that Mr. Chamberlain was the first priest since the beginning of the Catholic Revival in the English Church to reintroduce the Eucharistic Vestments prescribed by the Ornaments Rubric. It is easy now to smile at the innocent artifice by which he contrived to obey the Church's injunctions without offending his parishioners. The transition from surplice to alb was easily accomplished: the really grand feat was the gradual transformation of an Oxford M.A. hood into a red silk chasuble. That wonderful vesture is still, we believe, preserved at St. Thomas's as a historical relic. About thirty years ago the church was restored, with results which, however unavoidable, were, from an architectural point of view, unfortunate in the extreme, the floor of the nave being raised to an extent above its original level that utterly destroyed the proportions of the building. Several stained-glass windows, inserted about the same time are—in common with the the vast proportion of modern works of this class—more creditable to the munificence of the donors than to the artistic capabilities of the designers. But the walls and roof are rich with some of Mr. Charles Kempe's earliest work in the way of church decoration.

St. Thomas's parish was originally much larger than it is now. The district known as Jericho lay within its bounds, until St. Paul's was taken out of it and formed into a separate parish; the latter being again subdivided in 1869, when Mr. Combe built St. Barnabas'. St. Frideswide's at New Osney is another offshoot. It is difficult to think of St. Thomas's without Mr. Chamberlain, so completely did he seem identified with the place One of his good works was the refoundation of St. Edward's school, which was started in New Inn Hall-street, and transferred to Summertown. Another was the founding of a Sisterhood which has developed many branches of work. Mr. Chamberlain was, like his friends, Dr. Liddon and Father Benson, a student of Christ Church on the old foundation; and was presented by the Dean and Chapter to the living which he held for so long, and in which he accomplished so much excellent work. Several eminent men were curates of St. Thomas's. Among them was Bishop Forbes of Brechin. Mr. Chamberlain was an able preacher and an accomplished theologian, and his advice was for many years at the service of the well-known Church publishers, Messrs. Masters, of Bond-street, for whom he edited the *Ecclesiastic* and the still flourishing *Churchman's Diary*. He also wrote a small *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*. It is interesting to learn now that the extremely able articles which for the last ten years have appeared in the *Oxford University Herald* were from his pen. He was laid to rest in his own churchyard, the service being read by the Rev. Hubert Jones, who has been curate of the parish for the last thirty-seven years. *Requiescat in pace!*

A writer in the *South Australian Register* gives an account of a journey through the North Island of New Zealand on horseback, in which he describes Tokaanu. He says:—"Some miles away we could see the steam rising from the scrub over many acres of ground and from the hillsides. Travelling along the narrow road which forms the entrance to the settlement we were startled by strange gurgling, bubbling, hissing noises which issued from mud and steam holes of various sizes, some not a foot from the track. Our horses trembled and snorted, but with that sagacity which characterises the noblest of animals in times of danger they refrained from all kinds of antics and walked through the pass like well-bred undertakers at important funerals. Some of the mudholes remind one of porridge cooking in the kitchen, the same splutter, splutter, splutter, going on continuously. We repaired to the Government Whare (house), and settled down, cooking our food *à la* Maori in the puhias (springs)—quite a novel and useful method of overcoming the absence of the French cook. It seems strange, and to persons living at home almost incredible, that these natives never light fires to cook their food. After lunching and leaving an hour for digestion we wandered, towel in hand, to be initiated into the mysteries of puhia bathing. Winding along the path through the scrub, which seems haunted, so strange and weird are the multifarious sounds which greet us on all sides, we suddenly emerge on a dazzling white patch of silica, in the centre of which is a round pool of water of a delicate blue tint, M'Gregor said this was the place to bathe, so I dipped my finger in to try the temperature. 'No, Mac," I said; 'this may be the place where some tribes cook their potatoes, but it certainly is not in my line for bathing.' With anxious eyes I watched Mac. Not to be outdone I tried his method and found it successful, that is when applied with deliberation and care. The exquisite pleasure of a dip in the seductive pool, which is now as blue the sky above, cannot be described. It is a paradise for the invalid.

"The afternoon we spent on a tour of inspection, and the sights would surely satisfy the most captious wonder critic. About a hundred yards from where we had bathed is a fierce boiling pahia called Pohinga's Throat. It is about four feet in diameter, of a dark green colour, and boils continuously, but about every fifteen seconds its boils furiously into a seething mass four feet above its ordinary level, then subsides again into a vicious boil. With an involuntary gasp and a few hasty steps backwards I witnessed for the first time this startling eruption of Pohinga's Throat. All around us were boiling springs, generally of a green colour and as clear as crystal, some large enough to be called lakes, while others are only a few feet in diameter. So clear is the water in the boiling lakes that one can easily see objects 20ft. below the surface, the pools which are only tepid and warm, being always cloudy. We also visited the petrifying springs in an out-of-the-way corner, and found them filled with cheques, fern leaves, locks of hair, and articles of all descriptions. Visitors daily watch the process of petrefaction, and carry away these little nick-nacks as mementoes of their visit. The Devil's Porridge Pot is only a few yards away. We all stood round and wondered if his majesty had breakfasted. It is a large mudhole, 4ft. in diameter, and is filled with filthy thick mud, which makes a gobble-splutter sort of sound as it boils. We trod very gently in this part, for every footstep has an ominous echo, reminding one of the thinness of the earth's crust. We passed a stream of boiling water, which is an affluent of the Tokaanu stream, whose waters are cold as ice. Strangely enough numerous steam jets are hissing from the banks of the Tokaanu stream only a few inches above the water. We bathed again, and having finished tea sat listening to the melancholy waiata chanted by the Maori girls as they carried the food to their warehouses, and to the ringing laughter of the youngsters, who were running races for the pakeha's pennies. The next day being beautifully fine was decided to go canoeing on Lake Taupo. Gliding down the stream we soon float on that vast sheet of water, which is so clear, so blue, so tranquil, and stretches away as far as the eye can reach to the dim blue hills in the distance. After an hour's paddling we arrived at Waihi, a Maori settlement on the shore of the lake. Waihi is almost deserted, and is visited only, I think, on account of its waterfall, which is from a height of 200 or more feet. We soon recrossed the blue waters of Taupo and arrived at Tokaanu. Thus a week of voluptuous ease flew by.

"At sunrise the following day we reluctantly bade farewell to Tokaanu, taking a short cut over the Pihanga Range. The road was not good, except the latter part through the bush, which was delightful. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the scene, with its delicious coolness, and its shade occasionally lit up by sunbeams darting through chinks in the foliage, save the fitful song of the sweet-voiced tui. Suddenly we issued from the bush and beheld Lake Rotoaira close beneath us in all the joyous brightness of this summer's morn. It was a pretty little scene, although the bush-fringed peninsula cuts off from view the further portion of the lake, and grim Tongariro makes the background. We rode on for a few miles and camped at Papakai, six miles distant from Tongariro. We breakfasted at dawn the next day and rode as far as Ketetahi, then tethered our horses and proceeded on foot. Two miles away we could smell the sulphur and hear the roar of the steam forcing its way through the earth. The Ketetahi Spring is situated about half-way up the northern spur of Tongariro, where the action of the steam has made a large gulch in the mountain side. Large columns of steam roar and hiss from holes and fissures in the ground; from among the steam an inky-black stream is seen bubbling out of the earth, which is the famous Ketetahi Spring. Although it is said by the natives to be the best curative spring in New Zealand there is no accommodation for bathing, consequently it is rarely visited. I should say it would take a patient of exceptionally strong nerves to stand the strain of being in the presence of such demoniac manifestations. From the force of steam which roars from a hole close by one would say it indicated a pressure of 300 or 400lb. to the square inch. We had a bath simply to be able to say we had done so. A short stiff brush, and we were on the summit of Tongariro, 5,430ft. Stretched before us was a splendid bird's-eye view of lakes, streams, bush, mountain ranges, and desert; behind us stands Ngauruhoe, with its banner of steam, and the glistening peaks of snowy Ruapehu.

"Turning to Tongariro itself, it is a scene of waste and utter desolation. All around us were huge boulders and vast walls of stone, reddened and charred by the terrific heat of bygone years, and hundreds of acres of sand, ashes, and stone. A little further along we came to the extinct crater of Tongariro, a splendid relic of this once terrific fire-belcher. It is completely circular in shape, with a depth of 150ft., and covers five acres of ground. The walls are perpendicular, and composed principally of rugged pillars placed side by side like the fortifications of a giant's castle. After about two hours' painful struggle we arrived at the edge of the crater, 7,421ft. The scene is almost indescribable; large columns of steam were roaring, hissing, and howling from numberless fissures all around the inside of the crater, a distance of fully a quarter of a mile, and occasionally large boulders undermined by the action of the steam fell into the crater with deafening crashes. The sickening and almost unbearable smell of sulphur, added to the noise, made the place a perfect pandemonium."

At the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society recently, the paper read was on a journey through North Korea to the Ch'ang-pai Shan, by Mr. Charles W. Campbell. Ch'ang-pai Shan, or "Ever White Mountain," lies in Manchuria, just beyond the Korean boundary, and is remarkable for the deep-blue lake which lies in a deep hollow on the ridge joining two of its peaks. "Korea," Mr. Campbell said, "is a land of mountains. Go where you will, a stretch of level road is rare, and a stretch of level plain rarer still. The view from any prominent height is always the same; the eye ranges over an expanse of hill-tops, now running in a succession of long billowy lines, now broken up like the wavelets in a choppy sea, often green with forest, but just as often bare, brown, and forbidding. Clear mountain brooks or shallow streams rushing over beds of gravel are never wanting in the valleys below, where a rude log bridge, or curling smoke, or the presence of cultivation, leads you to

observe the brown thatch of some huts clustered under the lea of a hill. These hamlets are of two distinct kinds—the purely agricultural, and those which depend as much on the entertainment of travellers as on farming. The site of the agricultural village is a hill-slope facing the south. Over this, low, mud-walled, straw-thatched hovels, each standing in its own patch of garden, which is protected by a neat fence of interlaced stems, are scattered at random, and there is not much attempt at a street anywhere. Every house has its threshing-floor of beaten clay, the workshop of the family. The stream which runs past the foot of the hill, or courses down a gully in its side, is lined with women and girls washing clothes with sticks instead of soap, preparing cabbages for pickle, or steeping hemp. Seen from a distance, these places are quite picturesque, the uneven terraces of thatch are brightened by the foliage and flowers of gourds and melons which climb all over the huts. In the gardens surrounding each house are plots of red chili, rows of castor-oil plants, and fruit trees, such as peach, apricot, pear, and persimmon.

"The roadside village, on the other hand, is generally a most unlovely spot. The only street is the main highway, which is lined on both sides by a straggling collection of the huts I have mentioned. Heaps of refuse, open drains, malodorous pools, stacks of brushwood for fuel, nude sun-tanned children disporting themselves, men and women threshing grain, and occasionally a crowd of disputants, all combine to make it a very indifferent thoroughfare. Most of the houses are inns or eating-shops. The main gate of the inn leads directly from the street into a quadrangle bounded on two sides by open sheds, which are provided with troughs for the feeding of pack animals, and on the other two sides by the guest rooms and kitchen. The courtyard is untidy, often dominated by a powerful pig-stye, and littered with fodder or earthenware pitchers and vats, whose contents are usually the strong-smelling pickled cabbages and turnips so dear to Korean stomachs.

"The main industry, of couse, is agriculture, carried on under disadvantages inseparable from the mountainous character of the country. In Japan and China we know that persevering care and energy have overcome similar disadvantages, but it is not so in Korea. The terrace cultivation, the irrigation works, and above all the patient, almost fastidious labour, which make the hills of Japan and South China yield their share of the earth's good fruits, are practically unknown. Where water is abundant and easily manageable, the lower reaches of the valley are taken up with rice, the higher portions with millet, beans, buckwheat, &c. A particularly favourable slope, all the better if it faces the south, is usually as much as the sides of the valley are called upon to contribute to cultivation. There is considerable waste about the paths and paddy-dykes, weeds are rank and numerous, and the prim neatness so conspicuous in Japanese farming is entirely wanting. Much of the newly-broken ground is naturally stony, and little effort is exercised to make it less so. However, considering the small amount of labour expended on agricultural operations, the crops are good, and speak eloquently for the fertility of the soil."

A writer in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, gossips amusingly on country weddings. He says:—"Only those who have experienced the difficulty of getting an answer from the rustic bridegroom to the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" can have any idea of the state of his feeling on the occasion. He very often manages to get on the wrong side of his bride; occasionally away from her altogether. He is quite indifferent, in fact, where he stands; so much so that if he were told to remain, during the ceremony, by himself at the bottom of the church, he would, in all probability raise no objection. This state of mind on the part of the bridegroom has, not unfrequently, led to embarrassing results. On one occasion it nearly resulted in the "best man's" being married to the bride, that important functionary standing quite calmly in the bridegroom's place, and the obliging principal himself striking a most self-satisfied and contemplative attitude a little way off. The officiating clergyman had never seen the couple before, and could not, of course, detect the mistake. He was, therefore, proceeding with the service when, fortunately, the clerk saw what was about to take place; the accommodating "best man" was shoved with no gentle hand out of the position he had usurped, and the bridegroom was as abruptly put into it. A peculiarly liberal-minded 'groom' was once heard to endow his bride with 'all his hurdle goods' without the slightest hesitation; while more than one bride has apparently found the plighting of her troth a serious obstacle to her marriage. One fair and determined one absolutely refused to repeat the words 'honour and obey,' to the perplexity of the officiating clergyman and the astonishment of the confiding bridegroom. There is not unfrequently some little difficulty about the 'giving away.' Such is the rustic bridegroom's state of mind that if allowed he would be quite ready to give his bride away himself; while the person upon this whom duty devolves has generally a very hazy idea indeed of what is required of him: so far indeed does this obliging relative carry his acquiescence that there is little doubt that if asked to give away any one of the bridesmaids instead of the bride he would do so with the greatest alacrity. The giving of the ring is a dreadful ordeal. After a trembling hunt for the talismanic circle on the part of the bridegroom, it is at length as tremblingly produced: then, directed by the clergyman, a clumsy attempt is made to place it on the third finger of the bride's left hand. More often than not it sticks at the joint, which obstacle calls forth all the bridegroom's energies, and he screws at the obstinate ring in the most determined manner. On one occasion the ring, a very cheap one, was so sharp, and the bride's finger was so thick, that by the time it was got into its place the unhappy member which it encircled was covered with blood, which exhibition, however, both bride and bridegroom and their respective supporters viewed with the most total unconcern."

An interesting paper on the English cart-horse, by the Rev. W. F. Adey, was read at a recent meeting of the Blandford Farmer's Club. The writer said:—"Some had supposed that the ancient British horse was a mere pony, such as the various tribes of ponies which were still existing in a semi-wild state in different parts of Britain—the Welsh, the Exmoor, Dartmoor, the New Forest pony, and northward the Scotch galloway (now probably extinct), the Icelandic and the diminutive Shetlands, all possessing great powers of endurance, with marvellous strength for their size. If, then, the pony theory was correct, and that was all in the way of horse-flesh our Anglo-Saxon forefathers possessed, when was a larger breed of horse introduced? Perhaps at the Norman invasion. The great *destriers*, or war horses, which the Norman knights rode in the jousting lists, in the tilting yards, and on the battle fields, were probably nothing else than active cart horses, and we might be pretty sure that a modern shire-bred or Clydesdale would have been very highly esteemed by the Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert or Sir Hugo Fitz-Battleaxe of the period (who in their ponderous plate-armour must have ridden a weight of something between twenty and thirty stone), and that the animal would have fetched as much, in proportion to the value of money, as to-day at a Calwich Abbey stud sale. They had, however, no reliable history to guide them in their quest, but were left pretty much in the dark from the fourth century, when Vegetius wrote the first treatise on the veterinary art, until the time of the Stuarts, when, stimulated by the importation of Eastern blood, attention began to be seriously given to the improvement of the breed of horses in this country. This importation of mares and stallions of Eastern race, Barbs, Turks, and Arabs, had wonderfully affected all our lighter breeds of horses. The race horse, the hunter, the charger, coach and carriage horses, hacks, cobs, and ponies of the present day owed the chief of their merits to the infusion of warmer blood from the East; but this could hardly have done much for the cart horse, the one variety concerning which the familiar maxim would not hold good, that 'an ounce of blood is worth a pound of bone.'

"What, then, was the British cart-horse? From time immemorial this country had possessed a heavy and, comparatively with our modern developments, ill-shaped animal, which used to perform all its heavy work. The more active were used as chargers or pack-horses, while others went to plough (for which, however, oxen were more commonly used) or drew the heavy slids which were used for farm purposes before wheels became general, and in due time teams of four or six horses drew the lumbering coaches of Queen Elizabeth's reign. This useful beast, little as we should think of him now, was probably at one time the general harness horse of the country. The animal was an ungainly creature, in colour almost invariably black, fiddle-headed, flat-ribbed, narrow-hipped, with dropping quarters, very coarse-haired, sluggish and slow—not a prepossessing description by any means. Still, the horse in question was not without its good points; it would keep on at its own pace, was very staunch in its collar, and would pull at a dead weight until it dropped. That, after all, was the chief desideratum on the first introduction of wheeled carriages, when the roads everywhere were so bad that the wheels were frequently buried up to their naves. That was the type of horse they still saw engaged in agricultural work wherever no attempt had been made to have something smarter or better formed. The coarse head, the hairy legs (particularly liable to the eruption known as 'grease'), the small comparative girth, and the general mean appearance, were sufficiently familiar to them all. It was their old friend 'Smiler.' It was not till the latter part of the eighteenth century that some of the leading agriculturists, notably in the counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Lincolnshire, set about improving their breed of horses. The result of the Lincolnshire enterprise was the development of the massive animal formerly known as the Lincolnshire dray-horse. This was the produce of a cross between the old English black which had just been mentioned and the Flemish horse, a very large and heavy animal, which from time to time had been imported in considerable numbers into this country from the continent. The original black, too, had previously increased in size and substance from the nature of the grass lands in that country, which seemed particularly adapted to develop the growth of horses fed upon them. The original design no doubt was to produce a powerful animal suited to the tillage of their own heavy clay lands; but they seemed rather to have overshot the mark, for both parents being heavy and slow, the offspring were heavier and slower still, and in consequence hardly fit for agricultural work of any kind. The breeders, however, appeared to have shot at a pigeon and killed a crow, so to speak, for they found a ready market for their enormous steeds (many of which stood from seventeen to eighteen hands high, with bodies of tremendous girth and bone, if not in proportion yet of greater size than had been seen before), with the brewers and contractors in the Metropolis and other large towns. The old English dray-horse, however, was now obsolete and perhaps nearly extinct.

"At about the same time was introduced into the eastern counties a horse of a widely different type which was yet known to us as the Suffolk Punch. The improved Suffolk was a very desirable horse in many ways. It was not often seen in the West of England, though a few years ago he saw a very handsome young stallion which Sir Frederick Knight had sent down to his place on Exmoor. The characteristics of this breed were so peculiar that they could not mistake it—a long, low, good-barrelled horse, with a low powerful shoulder and drooping croup, round of hip, and standing generally higher behind than it did in front; almost invariably of a lightish chesnut, or what used to be called a sorrel colour, usually with a light blaze and one or more white stockings, though the writer had seen some very good specimens with no white at all. The Suffolk was a very useful horse on a farm and also upon the road, being very active and a good walker. He was particularly, too, what he might call the aristocratic cart-horse, for nothing looked better than a team of Suffolk Punches hauling timber in a park, or drawing coal upon the road for their noble owner. They were remarkably docile and good-tempered, and extraordinarily staunch and plucky; a whole team of them would pull together at a dead weight till they

got upon their knees, and get up and pull again. Their chief defects were that they too often stood too much back at the knee, and had too often brittle and shelly feet. Passing from the eastern counties to the north, they came to that very fine and famous animal, the Clydesdale. This noble draft horse was supposed to have originated from a cross of the Dutch or Flemish horse, imported by the Duke of Hamilton at the end of the last century, with the descendants of the old English pack horses, which were retained in use longer in the north than in the south of England. It was a very handsome and active animal, with a neat head, light neck, and well-rounded middle, very deep of girth and short of leg. These horses were said to be able to draw heavier loads in single two-wheeled carts than any other breed, and on the rich Lothian farms and throughout the Lowlands of Scotlands they were extensively employed. They were also well adapted for hilly districts, being quick, resolute, and sure-footed. They were big, upstanding horses, though by reason of their depth of girth they seldom looked so high as they actually measured, a characteristic of the best proportioned cart horses, by the way, as it was of a well-made weight-carrying hunter. The Clydesdale, however, it should be remarked, was an animal which required a large quantity of superior food, and although a pair of them would plough a greater breadth of land in a given time than perhaps any pair of horses of another breed, yet it might be a question whether a team of inferior calibre and appearance might not do the same piece of work on more economical terms to the owner.

"Coming to the latest development of the British cart-horse—the shirebred, the thoroughbred cart-horse—the writer was inclined to agree with Mr. Burdett-Coutts that now they both had a stud-book of their own, it was legitimate to speak of the thoroughbred hackney, or the thoroughbred cart-horse, as well as of the thoroughbred *par excellence*, the English race horse. Now this shirebred horse was undoubtedly the finest draft-horse that had yet been produced. It had only been in existence, so to speak, for a few years, *i.e.*, been developed by judicious selection from the best specimens of preceding breeds; but already the name of its admirers was legion. Lord Hothfield, Captain Duncombe, Major Sutton Nelthorpe, Mr. Blundell-Maple and other well-known breeders had enriched their country, as well as themselves, by the pains they had taken to develop that magnificent and useful animal. Big as the horse was, there was remarkable quality about the handsome animal, which moved with an ease and lightness which really were remarkable in view of its bulk. The ordinary heavy underbred cart-horse, as they knew, rolled along with a stiff sluggish action, as though it either had not the power, or was too lazy to flex its points. Not so the shirebred, which stepped along, drawing its enormous load with a quick, corky action, smart as a pony's. It was a treat indeed to see him at work. The place to do so was in their great northern and midland towns, and notably Liverpool. Though so powerful, they were not out of the way big, nothing like those heavy old-fashioned dray-horses, for instance, but wonderfully compact and well put together. Their chief characteristics were a smallish head, a straight short neck (*i.e.*, they looked short from the hames to the ears, yet not short from the pad to the ears), with powerful shoulders that seemed to spring out of the short broad back, great depth of girth, full quarters, hocks not too much bent, yet which could come forward pretty well under the belly; short cannon bone, and fetlocks covered with fine hair, which in show horses was combed out like tassels of silk."

A very important change has recently take place in the methods of preparing camphor for the market. The principal source of supply is in Southern Japan, and for many years it has been exported from there in the crude state only. Recently, and since the great advance in the price of the article caused by its consumption in the making of celluloid, plants for the refining of camphor have been set up in Japan. The first shipment of refined camphor recently arrived in this country from Japan. In April of last year a complete plant, including stills, engines, and boilers was obtained from the United States, and erected at Hiogo, Japan. Previous to the erection of this plant near Hiogo by an American company, all camphor, *Industries* says, left Japan in a crude state, and was refined either in Europe or America. This caused a great deal of waste from evaporation, and has prompted capitalists to do the refining where the drug is produced, and thus avoid the waste and loss which has heretofore attended its transportation. About the same time that this plant was sent to Japan, another plant, purchased by native capital, was started. The American refinery is able to produce from 50,000lb. to 75,000lb. of refined camphor a month. The products are of two kinds. One is sublimed and called "flowers of camphor," which slightly resembles desiccated cocoanut, except that it is of a gummy nature. The other kind is pressed into cakes of varying shapes and sizes, but generally about the size of a cake of toilet soap. Flowers of camphor is prepared especially for use in the manufacture of celluloid.

An admirable lecture on Early Christian Art in Ireland was lately given by Canon Browne, the Disney Professor of Archæology at Cambridge, at the South Kensington Museum. After discussing some early Irish illustrated manuscripts, the lecturer passed on to the consideration of the cumhdach and the satchel. The three earliest cumhdachs, it was pointed out—those of Durrow Armagh, and Kells—are lost, but the famous Stowe Missal, of date about A.D. 1023, is fortunately still preserved. It is made of oak, covered with silver plates. This, as well as the Cathach of the O'Donnells—a copy of St. Columba's Psalter A.D. 1084—was shown, together with the leathern satchels or "polaires" of St. Moedoc's Reliquary and of the *Book of Armagh*. It was necessary, he pointed out, to protect the sacred books which were carried at the head of the army in battle, hung on the breast of an hereditary lay successor of a priest, and the piety of the religious artists of equal necessity suggested the ornamentation of these. Without, the type of ornament was but a reflex of the art of the illuminator within. Passing on to the crozier, the pilgrim's staves, said Canon Browne, were objects of great veneration with the Irish. These ancient and treasured relics were protected with a decorated metal case, and possibly in some of these the wood pith of the ancient staff may still be found. One of the finest of them is the crozier of the Bishops of Clonmacnois, combining on its surface most of the characteristics of Irish art. Two objects, almost perfect of their kind, and of which the Irish people are specially proud, are, said Canon Browne, the Tara Brooch and the Cross of Cong, the former offering a most perfect example of the use of the divergent spiral or trumpet pattern. With so important a branch of his subject untouched as stonework, the lecturer passed rapidly on. "There is no doubt," he said, "that the stone crosses in England are considerably older than those in Ireland, but the dates of many inscribed stones can be more readily ascertained owing to the occurrence of certain names on them which correspond with those in the Annals. There is an actual link between parchment and stone interlacement which points to a common origin. No doubt the Celtic occupants of the island were devoted to work of this special kind, which from certain chararteristics I have pointed out must have received an outside impetus. The ideas were imported from a great central manufactory in Italy. These Celtic workers were using patterns that could be traced to prehistoric Greek artists, and the art was not indigenous." In this connection Professor Browne exhibited a portion of a sepulchral stone from Mycenæ, displaying on its carved surface just those characteristics of the spiral ornament and divergence from a centre as are to be found in typical Irish work, and perhars more familiarly in "the legs of Mann." The dates of these stones in various parts of Ireland are often easily ascertainable owing to the custom of offering prayers for the dead, which has no such testimony to its early prevalence in the Church as that afforded by Ireland. Here Professor Browne took occasion to point out that "O" before a name did not signify "son of" but at least grandson, if not an even more distant descendant. Pursuing his subject, the lecturer remarked that "in the marble screens of Como, Milan, and Ravenna there is, of course, much that, although bearing a strong resemblance, is essentially distinct. It is not interlacing as the Celtic workers understood it, and it is broken back in a way that no worker in Ireland would have attempted. On the other hand, when we get up into Lombardy we get interlaced work just as good as we could have on any stone in Ireland, as typical of this Celtic art as the stone crosses in the Royal cemetery of Clonmacnois," and, as conclusive illustration of this, Canon Browne exhibited illustrations of a stone at Brescia and a portion of the front of an altar at Coire, displaying the typical features of what is often considered essentially Irish art.

Writing in the *Newbery House Magazine* for February on the subject of Sydney Smith, Mrs. L. B. Walford recalls an excellent story of the humourist, as told by Lady Holland. She writes: "With the glee of a child Lady Holland describes a little scene in which her father mystified a worthy friend of the family whom Nature had defrauded of any turn for pleasantry. The gentleman was possessed of sense, simplicity, and learning, wherefore he was always met with a welcome; but this utter absence not only of humour in himself but of preception of it in others, made him 'an amusing subject of speculation; and on one occasion the temptation of poking a little sly fun at this solemn-visaged personage proved irresistible to Sydney Smith. The conversation at dinner took a liberal turn. The host, in the full career of his spirits, observed, 'Though he was not generally considered an illiberal man, yet he must confess he had one little weakness, one secret wish—he should like to roast a Quaker.' 'Good heavens, Mr. Smith,' exclaimed Mr. ——, full of shocked amazement. 'Roast a Quaker?' 'Yes, sir, (with the utmost gravity) 'roast a Quaker.' 'But sir—sir,' stammering with horror, 'consider, sir—have you considered the torment, the—the torture——?' 'Yes, sir,' replied Sydney, 'I have considered everything. It may be wrong, as you say; the Quaker would undoubtedly suffer acutely; but everyone has his tastes—mine would be to roast a Quaker. One would satisfy me—only one. It is one of those peculiarities I have striven against in vain, and I hope you will pardon my weakness.' Mr. ——'s honest simplicity, proceeds the narrator, could stand this no longer, and he seemed hardly able to sit at table with a man who could so speak. The whole company were in roars of laughter, but neither this, nor the mirth sparkling in the speaker's eye, afforded any enlightenment; for a joke was a thing of which he had no conception. At length Sydney Smith, seeing that he was giving real pain, said 'Come, come, Mr. ——, since you think this so very illiberal, I must be wrong, and will give up my roasted Quaker rather than your esteem. Let us drink wine together,' They did so, but, avers, Lady Holland, 'I doubt if either time or explanation ever made him comprehend that the whole were a jest.'"

ARTS AND LETTERS.

An important sale of autographs of poets and composers has taken place in Berlin. A complete orchestra score by Haydn, called "Missa in B," and signed, "*In Nomine Lomini*, Giuseppe Haydn, 1802," fetched 950 marks. A hitherto unknown letter by Beethoven brought 275 marks. A page from an album with lines written on it by Lessing, at Leipsic, 1757, was knocked down for 135 marks.

It is intended to give recitals of sacred music in Bristol Cathedral on the same lines as those which have been so successful at Gloucester. The first will be on March 10.

A complete translation into French of the dramatic works of Sheridan has just been published. At present the only comedy of Sheridan known to the French stage is *The School for Scandal*.

A volume of poems by the late Lord Lytton will be published in April.

Two magnificent studies of lions made by Sir Edwin Landseer for the bronze statues at the base of the Nelson Column are to be placed in the National Gallery. They are gifts to the nation from a Mr. Hills.

The 100th performance of "Venice," at Olympia, will be given on Monday evening next. Business continues to be very large, and there is little doubt that the spectacle will run well into next winter.

The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford has recently acquired a little cylinder, engraved with a short cuneiform inscription and four Hittite symbols. Now that the famous boss of Tarchondemos has disappeared, this is the only "bilingual" Hittite text known; and Professor Sayce claims that it confirms his interpretation of the other. It was acquired from an Armenian dealer at Constantinople, through the good offices of Canon Greenwell.

It is understood that the designs of the sovereign, half-sovereign, crown, half-crown, florin, and shilling, which Sir J. Lubbock's committee have selected for recommendation to the Treasury, are not all the work of one hand. The competing artists were Mr. Armstead, R.A., Mr. Birch, A.R.A., Mr. Brock, R.A., Mr. Ford, A.R.A., Mr. Poynter, R.A., and Mr. Thornycroft, R.A. Mr. Gilbert, A.R.A., and Mr. Woolner, R.A., who were also invited to prepare designs, declined to compete. The committee suggest that the four-shilling piece should be withdrawn.

The Empress of Austria is buying *souvenirs* of Heinrich Heine in such an enthusiastic fashion that all the Jew *bric-à-brac* vendors of Vienna have taken to exhuming pens which Heine used, clothing that he wore, letters which he wrote, &c., and all these find a ready sale when offered to the Empress, who never haggles over a price, however extravagant.

SOCIETY.

A marriage has been arranged between Captain the Hon. Osbert Lumley, 11th Hussars, and Miss Constance Wilson Patten, eldest daughter of the Marchioness of Headfort.

Also between Ernest Charles Hogg, late Lieutenant R.N., younger son of the late Mr. Charles Swinton Hogg, and of Mrs. Hogg, of 24, Sloane-gardens, and Lucy, third daughter of Mr. William Felton Peel, of Saltersford Hall, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire, and Alexandria, Egypt.

Also between Mr. Thomas Ansdell Romer, Chief Clerk, Chancery Division, High Court of Justice, and Leila Harriette Robinson, third daughter of the late Mr. J. H. Robinson, Examiner Standing Orders, Houses of Parliament.

Also between the Rev. James Mackay, vicar of Leaton, Shropshire, and Miss Georgina Kenyon, only daughter of the late Captain George Kenyon, R.N., and Mrs. Kenyon, of Grafton Lodge, Shropshire.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Potts-Chatto, of The Daison, St. Marychurch, Torquay, and Katharine, eldest daughter of General Charles Curtis Drury, Bengal Staff Corps, will take place at the Church of Our Lady and St. Denis, St. Marychurch, on Tuesday, March 1.

The marriage between Walter, eldest son of the late Mr. Radcliffe, of Warleigh, Devon, and Emmeline, youngest daughter of Mr. Tritton, of Plympton, Devon, has been arranged to take place on Wednesday, April 20, at St. Margaret's Church, Plympton.

At St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, on Tuesday afternoon, with choral service, the marriage took place of Major Frederick Richard Trench-Gascoigne, late Royal Horse Guards, to Miss Laura Gwendolen Galton, youngest daughter of Sir Douglas Galton. The ceremony was very quiet, only a few relations being present. The service was conducted by the Dean of Gloucester, assisted by the Rev. John Storrs, vicar of St. Peter's. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white satin, with corsage and train of silver brocade, tulle veil and diamond ornaments. There were no bridesmaids, but two little pages of honour (Masters Tellard and Murray-Smith) acted as train-bearers. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bridal party drove to the town residence of the bride's parents in Chester-street, Belgrave-square, where the wedding reception was held. Among those present were the Italian Ambassador and Countess Tornielli, Countess Lazzri Tornielli, General Chenaveux-Trench, General Reginald Gipps, Lady Gipps, Mr. and Mdme. de Bunsen, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Lynch, Miss Lynch, Lord and Lady Wantage, Miss Corelli, Mr. Eric Mackay, Mrs. Frances Galton, Mrs. Bethune, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith, Mrs. Romilles, Mrs. Goldsmid, Mr. Henry Bonham-Carter, Mr. K. Digby, Mr. Loftus Foley, &c.

The marriage of the Rev. Thomas Lionel George Hassall, M.A., eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Hassall, M.A., rector of Rearsby, Leicestershire, with Florence Maude, daughter of the late Major-General R. H. Price-Dent, of the Manor House, Hallaton, was celebrated lately at St. Michael and All Angels, Hallaton, Leicestershire. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Cyril Walker as best man, and the bride by her sister as bridesmaid. The bride, who was given away by her mother, wore a dress of ivory Duchesse satin, with train and skirt cut in the new shape, the front of the bodice being of white drawn chiffon, trimmed with pearls; a tulle veil was arranged over a wreath of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orange blossoms, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid wore a Princesse dress of pink Bengaline, trimmed with pearls; pink tips and a white tulle veil were worn in the hair, and she carried a pretty bouquet of pink carnations, intermixed with red brown leaves, with a gold and pearl crescent brooch, was the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs. Price-Dent, mother of the bride, was dressed in black peau de soie, trimmed with jet; black bonnet and mantle, and muff to match. The bride's two sisters wore réséda cloth and tabac velvet, tastefully trimmed with gold and black passementerie; hats to match, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The Rev. J. M. W. Piercy, uncle of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. G. Hazlerigg and Rev. L. L. Lyon Bennett, brother-in-law of the bride, of Little Leigh Vicarage, Cheshire. The ceremony over, the bridal party drove to the Manor House, the residence of the bride's mother, where a reception was held, and later in the day the newly-wedded pair left for London, where the first few days of the honeymoon were spent. The bride travelled in a dress of pale grey habit cloth, with velvet Toreador jacket, outlined with silver, jabot of the dead rose Bengaline, and hat and cape to match.

The marriage of Mr. Richard Maurice Hugh Jones, M.A., of Glanmorfa, Rhyl, eldest son of the Rev. Chancellor Hugh Jones, rector of Llanwrst, and Miss Kate Susie Whitley, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Whitley, vicar of Doresbury, Cheshire, was lately solemnised in All Saints' Church, Doresbury. Mr. C. B. Hugh Jones, brother of the bridegroom, acted as best man, and there were four bridesmaids in attendance on the bride. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of white Bengaline, prettily trimmed with chiffon and orange blossoms, a tulle veil, and a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of choice white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were dressed in French blue material, made with waistcoats of white and gold brocade; carried bouquets of white chrysanthemums, the gift of the bridegreom, and wore gold cable brooches, also his gift. The Rev. Chancellor Hugh Jones, the father of the bridegroom, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Canon Howell Evans, the vicar of Rhyl, and the Rev. Herbert Monk, vicar of Newton. At the conclusion of the ceremony Mrs. Whitley held a large At home at the vicarage. In the course of the afternoon the newly-married pair left for Torquay. The bride went away in a tweed costume, with brown cloth waistcoat, and brown felt hat ornamented with brown feathers.

At the parish church, Marylebone, was recently celebrated the marriage of Mr. Henry Stanton, eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Stanton, of Greenfield, Thelwall, Warrington, with Miss Angelica Florence Williamson, second daughter of Mr. Frederick A. Williamson (formerly of Fulwood Park, near Liverpool), of Cornwall-terrace. Six bridesmaids awaited the arrival of the bride just inside the church door, wearing pretty dresses of pale biscuit-coloured Amazon cloth, made *en princesse*, with jewel embroidered bodice and Watteau bows fastened at the back, and hats to match, ornamented with natural quills. The bridegroom presented each with a pearl and diamond brooch, and a bouquet of pale pink carnations intermixed with foliage. The bride arrived at half-past two o'clock, leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She wore a dress of rich ivory white veloutine silk, handsomely trimmed with Brussels lace, the gift of her mother, and made with a full Court train. Her tulle veil was fastened with sprays of orange blossoms, and pearl and diamond ornaments, the gift of her father, and she carried a lovely bouquet of white flowers, the gift of the bridegroom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. Dakin, vicar of Pollington, Cheshire, assisted by the Rev. Thomas Pym Williamson, M.A., rector of Thelwall, Cheshire. A reception was afterwards held at Cornwall-terrace, where the wedding guests were welcomed by the bride's mother; and later in the day the newly-wedded couple left for Egypt. The bride travelled in a costume of golden-brown Amazon cloth trimmed with skunk, hat *en suite*, and sealskin jacket trimmed with black beaver.

At Christ Church, Cheltenham, Captain Charles James Orr, of Queen's Holm, Pittville, Cheltenham, was married on the 13th ult. to Miss Jessie Jane Coke, step-daughter of Mr. G. Tuttle, of Leverton, Bayshill, Cheltenham. The officiating clergy were the Rev. Frank E. Timmins, curate of Warrington, and the Rev. E. T. Jennings, vicar of St. Stephen's, Cheltenham. The bride wore a dress of white wide striped silk and Limerick lace, with handsome train, over a white silk petticoat, trimmed with lilies of the valley and pearls; her veil was fastened with a diamond star. The two bridesmaids were attired in *distingué* gowns of white cloth, with yokes of yellow faille Français; tulle veils, fastened with wreaths of yellow narcissus, and carried bouquets of yellow narcissus and tulips. Captain and Mrs. Orr, who are going to India, left Cheltenham during the afternoon the bride's travelling-dress being of blue Melton cloth, trimmed with red; red cloak, handsomely bordered with beaver, and hat to match.

The marriage of Mr. Francis William Preston, third son of the late Mr. Thomas Edward Preston, with Georgina Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Fellowes, of Kingston House, Dorchester, was celebrated at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square. The bride wore a dress of rich silver brocade, handsomely trimmed with old Venetian point lace and ostrich feathers; a tulle veil fastened with three diamond stars, and carried a bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley, both the latter being the gifts of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were attired in vieux-rose cloth, made with waistcoats of silk, and sashes to match, the whole being trimmed with beaver; and wore felt hats to correspond, ornamented with beaver pompons. The bridegroom presented them with bouquets of lilies of the valley and gold brooches. The ceremony over, the wedding party were welcomed by the bride's mother at her residence in Bryanston-square, and later in the afternoon the newly-wedded pair left for Kingswood Warren, Surrey, kindly lent by Mr. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., for the honeymoon. The bride went away in a costume of fawn-coloured cashmere, embroidered with steel, and trimmed with black velvet; hat to match.

The marriage of Edward C. Seaton, M.D., F.R.C.P., of The Limes, Clapham Common, son of the late E. Cator Seaton, M.D., Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, with Jeanette, elder daughter of the late Professor John Marshall, F.R.S., President of the General Medical Council, and Mrs. Marshall, of Belle Vue House, Cheyne-walk, took place recently at St. Luke's Church, Chelsea. The bride was attired in cream brocade, trimmed with cream satin ribbon and pearl passementerie, wore a spray of orange blossoms in her hair, and a tulle veil. Her three bridesmaids were dressed in pale grey crêpon, trimmed with white ribbons and chiffon, wore grey felt hats with white tips and bows of white velvet. The bridegroom presented them with gold brooches in the form of tiny ribbons with pearl fringe, and bouquets of pink tulips with tinted foliage, tied with pink ribbons. Mrs. Marshall afterwards received the bridal party at Belle Vue House, and later in the day Dr. and Mrs. Seaton left to spend the honeymoon at Biarritz. The bride went away in a costume of pale grey cloth, trimmed with grey brocade and mauve and gold gimp; bonnet to match, and fawn cloth cloak trimmed with beaver and silver clasps.

The marriage of Mr. Christopher Hill Wilson, of Rydal Cottage, with Miss Lucy Mabel Curwen, daughter of Mr. Henry Fraser Curwen, of The Hall, Workington, and The Island, Windermere, Westmoreland, was solemnised recently at the parish church of Workington. The bride wore a dress of white cloth, the train and bodice being trimmed with silver cord and white fur. Her veil of exquisite Honiton lace was the gift of Mrs. Inglefield, sister of the bridegroom, and her ornaments included a fine diamond pendant, the gift of the bridegroom, as was also a bouquet of choice white flowers. The bridesmaids wore tasteful dresses of white cashmere, trimmed with white fur, and large white beaver hats ornamented with white ostrich feathers. They carried bouquets of camellias and white roses, intermixed with foliage, and tied with white silk streamers, the gift of the bridegroom. The ceremony over, the bridal party adjourned to Workington Hall, where a small reception was held, but, owing to a recent death in the family, only near relatives were present. In the course of

the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Hill Wilson left for Grange-on-Sands, the bride going away in a costume of black cloth, trimmed with white silk braided with black, and black velvet toque.

The marriage of George Prangley Wilson, Esq., eldest son of the late George Wilson, J.P., of Banner Cross, Sheffield, to Frances Elizabeth, younger daughter of Robert Stewart, Esq., of Kinlochmoidart, Inverness-shire, was celebrated in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh. The ceremony was performed by the Very Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Order of the Thistle. The bride wore a cream satin dress, trimmed with beautiful Honiton lace, and a tulle veil fastened with a beautiful diamond spray, the gift of her father. The bridesmaids (Miss Gillespie, of Montreal, and Miss Lucy Stevensons, cousins of the bride, and two Miss Wilson's, sisters of the bridegroom) wore white cloth dresses, edged with pink cord and black jet, with small capes of pink silk, covered with transparent black, and black crinoline hats, trimmed with bows of pink silk and small bunches of black plumes. They all carried beautiful bouquets. Mrs. Stewart held a brilliant reception, attended by about 200 guests, at the town residence in Rothesay-terrace, when the marriage was over. In the afternoon the bride and bridegroom started for Kinlochmoidart, *en route* for Hobart Town, Tasmania.

The marriage of Mr. Edward Alexander Jackson, youngest son of the late Sir Charles R. M. Jackson, with Miss Alice Owtram Hume, second daughter of Mr. Adolphus William Hume, of Holm Dene, Pittville, was solemnised on the 28th ult., at St. Mary's Parish Church, Cheltenham. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. Eddis, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Truro (brother-in-law of the bridegroom), assisted by the Rev. Hugh Pearson (cousin of the bride), and the Rev. Canon Bell, D.D., rector of Cheltenham. The bride wore a handsome dress of ivory duchesse satin, plain skirt, with a thick ruche of satin round the hem, headed with a band of handsome pearl passementerie; high bodice, artistically draped on one side with plain and embroidered chiffon, and finished with bands of pearl passementerie, plain sleeves with revers of satin edged with pearl and chiffon ruffles, tulle veil, with a wreath and spray of orange blossoms. There were four bridesmaids, the chief bridesmaid being attired in pale grey crepon, the long gored skirt being bordered with ribbon velvet of a darker shade, and the bodice having a pointed yoke of grey and gold passementerie over pale pink silk, and wore a gold chain bracelet (the gift of the bridegroom). The three little bridesmaids were prettily attired in "Liberty" frocks, made with yokes and sleeves of white silk and white sashes, and each carried a posy bouquet composed of lilies of the valley, and wore a pearl spray brooch (the gift of the bridegroom). After the ceremony a reception was held at Roden House by the Rev. Hugh and Mrs. Pearson (cousin of the bride). Subsequently the bride and bridegroom left *en route* for the Continent. The bride's travelling-dress was of Paon cloth, and jacket to match, trimmed with beaver; velvet hat with brown ostrich feathers.

The marriage of Sir Harald George Hewett, Bart., of The Old Hall, Netherseale, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and East Portlemouth, Kingswear, Devon, and Miss Eleanor Margaret Studdy, daughter of the late Commander Henry Studdy, R.N., and Mrs. W. T. Summers, of Crick House, Chepstow, was solemnised lately at the Catholic Apostolic Church, Gordon-square, W.C. The bride wore a dress of rich white poplin, the skirt being covered with old Brussels lace, the gift of her mother, of which the collar and cuffs of the bodice was composed; the dress being made with a square Court train. Her Brussels lace veil was fastened with a coronet of real orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white lilac, lilies of the valley, and white camellias, the gift of the bridegroom. There were neither bridesmaids nor best man. The ceremony was performed by Mr. H. S. Hume, chief minister of the church, assisted by Mr. R. Cuming. Among those present at the church were the Hon. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Summers, Miss Summers, Miss Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Studdy, Mrs. Macaulay and Miss Macaulay, Captain Burne, Miss Hewitt, Miss Vaughan, Mr. H. E. M. Studdy, Miss Dora Carey, Miss A. Carey, &c. An At home had been arranged to be held at the residence of Mr. H. Denman Macaulay, late R.N., uncle of the bride, in St. George's-square, but was put off on account of the death of the Duke of Clarence. Early in the afternoon Sir Harald and Lady Hewitt left for a Continental honeymoon tour. The bride's travelling-dress was of dark green cloth, with hat and cap to match trimmed with beaver.

The marriage of Mr. M. C. Maunsell, Royal Horse Artillery, second son of General F. R. Maunsell, C.B., Royal Engineers, of The Grove, Boltons, with Alice, eldest daughter of Colonel de Pentheny O'Kelly, of Sunnyside, Camberley, Surrey, was solemnised in the Roman Catholic Church of St. Francis, South Ascot, on the 26th ult. The church was tastefully decorated with palms and white flowers by the bride, assisted by some lady friends. The bridegroom was attended by Mr. Radcliffe, Royal Horse Artillery, as best man, and the bride by four bridesmaids. The bridesmaids, who awaited the arrival of the bride just inside the church door, were dressed in cream corduroy trimmed with beaver and embroidered with gold braid, and large cream felt hats ornamented with ostrich feather tips and gold trimming; they carried bouquets of violets, and wore gold and pearl crescent brooches, the gifts of the bridegroom. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of ivory duchesse satin, with Court bodice trimmed with old Spanish lace, the gift of the bridegroom; the skirt was festooned with the same lace, and headed with pearls; her hair was arranged as a Greek knot, with a circlet of orange blossoms, and a tulle veil, and she carried a lovely bouquet of lilies of the valley, roses, and tuberoses, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's mother was in heliotrope and black silk, trimmed with lace and jet, with heliotrope and black bonnet to match. Mrs. Thornhill wore a handsome dress of violet velvet and silk trimmed with beaver and black jet, with bonnet *en suite*. The ceremony was performed by Father Brindle, Military Chaplain, Aldershot, and was fully choral. A reception was afterwards held at Lavender Farm, and later in the day the newly wedded pair left for London *en route* for Paris, where the honeymoon will be spent. The bride travelled in a dress of fawn-coloured habit cloth, trimmed with beaver, a panel of reddish brown velvet being arranged in front of the skirt, and the bodice was trimmed to correspond; large fawn felt hat, ornamented with ostrich feathers to match the velvet on her dress.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Czarewitch, and all the Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses then in St. Petersburgh were present on the 22nd ult. at the wedding of Count D. S. Sheremetjef, of the Empress's Horse Guards, and Countess I. Vorontzoff-Dashkoff, Lady-in-Waiting to the Empress, a daughter of the Minister to the Imperial Household. The marriage took place in the private chapel of the Sheremetjef family in the presence of a brilliant assembly, numbering about 600 guests. The Sheremetjef palace was decorated with evergreen plants and flowers in the most extravagant manner. The Empress led the bridegroom to the altar, and the Emperor conducted the bride. The first priest of the Isaac Cathedral officiated, and the magnificent choir from the cathedral assisted. The Czarewitch and the Grand Duke Alexander Mikhailowits were the bride's marshals, the Grand Duke Sergii Mikhailowits and the highest officers of the Empress's Horse Guards were marshals to the bridegroom. After the conclusion of the wedding ceremony there was a grand dinner party, where all the guests, also the Emperor and Empress, were present. After the dinner the newly-married couple left for the bridegroom's estate in the neighbourhood of Moscow, accompanied to the railway station by several of the Grand Dukes and a large number of officers and other guests.

The marriage of Captain Lermitte, Royal Scots Fusiliers, eldest son of Mr. J. H. Lermitte, J.P., of Knightons, Finchley, and Marine Parade, Brighton, with Miss West, only child of Mr. W. H. West, J.P., of Farmley, Ferns, Wexford, took place on the 26th ult., at St. Stephen's Church, Dublin. The ceremony was solemnised by the Rev. G. Martin, assisted by the Rev. Canon Walsh, D.D. The bride reached the church at a quarter before two, and was accompanied by her father and Miss Frances Martin, who was in attendance as bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a brown and gold travelling costume, with pink-braided vest and hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white orchids and roses. Her ornaments were diamonds, consisting of a crescent, the gift of the bridegroom's father. The bridesmaid wore a grey costume, with silver-braided vest, and a gold curb bracelet, the gift of the bridegroom, and carried a pink bouquet. Dr. Gaytor presided at the organ. After the service about fifty guests returned, on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. West, to the Hiberian Hotel, where *déjeûner* was served, and later in the afternoon Captain and Mrs. Lermitte left for the south of England.

CHIT CHAT.

The Emperor Frederick's sarcophagus, by the sculptor Begas, was last week placed over the vault in the Mausoleum at Potsdam. It is of splendid white marble, and weighs about ten tons. It was conveyed from Berlin to Potsdam on a waggon specially built for the purpose, and drawn by ten horses. The late Emperor is represented as clothed in a Field Marshal's uniform, and lying on the sarcophagus lightly wrapped in his cloak, his hands holding his sword on his breast. The sides of the sarcophagus are adorned with beautiful reliefs.

The agitation in favour of adopting an educational test before granting the franchise in the United States is said to be rapidly gaining ground with the better class of citizens. They claim such a test would be a fair one all round. The slaves have now had over a quarter of a century of freedom, with good schools open to them and their children, and it is asserted that there is no reason why they should not be able to read and write.

The Cremation Society, which has just issued its annual report, announces that the number of cremations at Woking last year was ninety-nine, as against fifty-four in the previous year. At present, Woking is the only place in England that has a crematorium, but another is being erected at Manchester, and Liverpool will have one shortly, while steps are being taken to obtain power for the erection of another at the City of London Cemetery at Ilford. At present the cost of cremation appears to be about £5, the cremation fees for the ninety-nine having produced £497.

The Hapsburgs are by far the richest among the reigning families of Europe. When the fortifications of Vienna were demolished between 1858 and 1863, the land which was occupied by the walls, the glacis, and the circumjacent "military periphery" was divided by arbitration between the State, the city of Vienna, and the Crown. The Crown property turned out—not unnaturally, perhaps—to be the most valuable. All the houses built on it found tenants able to pay high rents, and now the Empress of Austria derives from this source alone about £600,000 a-year.

The Japanese House of Peers has just had sent out from London a complete set of British Parliamentary debates from the earliest times. They are contained in 541 bulky volumes.

Of the thirty-two ducal and princely families who owed their elevation to Napoleon I., two have become Royal—the Murats and the Bernadottes. Those which have become extinct are the Duchies of Dantaic, de Cambacérès, de Frioul, d'Istria, de Castiglione, de Padoue, de Dalberg, de Gaete, de Valmy, de Raguse, de Dalmatie, de Rovigo, de Cres, and de Ligny. Most of the male heirs of existing duchies being extinct, the titles are borne by descendants on the female side from the original dukes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is to open, on April 5th, the 12th Whitechapel Picture Exhibition, organised by the committee of which the Rev. S. A. Barnett, of St. Jude's, and Toynbee Hall, is chairman. Last year 70,000 people visited the picture show, which contained Burne Jones's "Briar Rose," Dicksee's "Tannhäuser," and many other notable pictures. The exhibition will this year be open from April 5th to April 24th.

The Excise returns for 1891 can hardly be pleasant reading for the friends of temperance. The consumption of spirits last year in the United Kingdom amounted to 30,744,209 gallons, or 1,333,778 gallons more than the quantity consumed in 1890. On the other hand, the augmentation in the consumption of beer is rather below the average, being only 430,488 barrels more than the returns show for 1890. England and Wales take the lead, of course, in this official record of the nation's partiality for stimulants. Thus we find that, with the aid of the Principality, the people of this country consumed 1,176,751 gallons of spirits in 1891 more than they drank in 1890. This very considerable increase will probably be attributed to the influenza. Scotland drank a smaller quantity of beer last year than in 1890, but made up for it by drinking a larger quantity of spirits, namely, 105,763 gallons more than in 1890. In both departments of drink Ireland shows an increase of consumption, namely, 51,264 gallons of spirits, and 67,313 barrels of beer.

For the last forty years, of all the principal agricultural products grown in the United States, the proportionate increase in quantity and value is greater for barley and hops, the two products used in the manufacture of malt liquors, than for any of the others. In 1880 the total consumption of malt liquors was 414,220,165 gallons, or 8·26 gallons per head. In 1890 the total consumption had risen to 833,792,335 gallons, or 13·67 gallons per head. Thus the annual consumption of malt liquors has doubled in ten years, and each citizen of the United States apparently takes 65·5 per cent. more beer than he did ten years ago.

During the past month the Queen has caused to be forwarded to the French Embassy in London a number of photographs of herself for presentation to the commanding officers of the vessels of the French squadron which visited Portsmouth last summer. The photographs are of panel size, handsomely mounted, and bear her Majesty's autograph. They have been entrusted to Commandant Leclerc, the military attaché of the Embassy, who will forward them to the various recipients. The photographs have been sent in fulfilment of a promise made by Her Majesty last year. During the visit of the principal officers of the squadron to Osborne Her Majesty expressed to Admiral Gervais her desire to have the photographs of the officers commanding the vessels of the squadron as a souvenir of their visit within as short a time as possible. A handsome album with the photographs was forwarded, and Her Majesty then promised to return the compliment. The photographs are ten in number.

The memorial to be promoted by the Roman Catholic community in honour of the late Cardinal Manning is likely to take the form of a Metropolitan Cathedral. A very proper site for this is the piece of ground at the end of Victoria-street, on which once stood old Tothill-fields Prison, and which the Cardinal was able to obtain some years ago, when the prison was demonished, at comparatively small cost. Since the prison was destroyed the neighbourhood has become quite a fashionable one, and streets with large houses, and let at high rentals, have been built where formerly thieves and rogues dwelt. The land has increased in value immensely, and it was known that the Cardinal had always cherished the hope that one day it would be the site for the Cathedral he was so anxious to see erected in the Metropolis.

The latest explorations of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean go far to complete our knowledge of the marine geography of these basins. So far as the former is concerned the greatest profundity has been reached in the "Pola Deep," about fifty-five miles south-west of Cape Matapan, where the sounding-lead reaches bottom in 2,236 fathoms. The greatest warmth is naturally on the surface, the temperature, as a rule, gradually decreasing as the bottom is neared. But this is by no means uniform, the lowest temperature of the Adriatic—namely, 52½deg.—being observed at the entrance of 415 fathoms; though, curiously enough, in 2,406 fathoms the water is 3½deg. higher. In the Black Sea all life ends at 100 fathoms, owing to the water below that depth being charged with sulphuretted hydrogen, which kills every plant and animal. Below a depth of 200 fathoms the temperature is invariably 48deg., this high temperature being due to the deep current of warmer and salter water which flows in through the Bosphorus from the Mediterranean. Finally, the Russian surveyors have come to the conclusion that before the Bosphorus was opened the Black Sea was a fresh water basin.

Some time ago the Italian Government refused permission to Cardinal Lavigerie to found a monastery for African monks at Cagliari. Angered at this, the Cardinal has, he says, determined to immitate Hannibal by carrying the war into the heart of the enemy's country. He has, therefore, bought a large house and vineyard in the suburbs of Rome, near the Porta Latina. His monks are to cultivate the vineyard.

There is every reason to believe that the objections of the Spanish Government have been overcome, and that very soon Gibraltar will be placed in railway communication with the rest of Europe. This is a matter of considerable importance from many points of view. It will materially shorten the time between England and her great rock fortress on the Mediterranean, particularly if, as is hoped, a through express service is organised between Paris and Gibraltar. It will also enable those who cannot stand a long sea passage to see something of Africa by crossing from "Gib." to Tangier, and indirectly it is expected to increase English trade with Morocco.

Out of the 11,500,000 voters in the United States, over 3,000,000 are unable to read and write.

The new orchid which is to immortalise Mr. Chamberlain's name has at length been discovered and brought home to England. The *Cypripedium Chamberlainianum* was discovered in the Merani Mountains. The flowers of this new plant are described as violet-purple and white, and are produced in great profusion, whilst the mottled leaves are 2ft. long by 2in. wide.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected COCOA, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

A number of very beautiful Munich stained-glass windows have recently been placed in St. John's Church, Radcliffe, in memory of the late vicar, the Rev. W. D. Carter, M.A., representing the good Shepherd, the Saviour's injunction to Peter, "Feed my Lambs," the Pool of Siloam, and Feeding the Multitude. The donors of these windows are Mr. Lord and the congregation, scholars and friends. Another memorial window has been placed in the same church in remembrance of the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the first curate-in-charge of the parish. This window has been presented by his only son, Mr. Alfred Kaye Taylour, Liverpool, and the subject is, The Good Samaritan. The windows, six in number, were supplied by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London, and give great credit to that firm.

Persons intending to take a journey in search of sunshine without going beyond the British Islands must direct their steps to Jersey. It appears from the observations of the sunshine-recorder for ten years that that little islet is the brighest spot within the limits of the Four Seas. Falmouth is the next, and there are several stations on the South Coast almost equally well off. It is hardly necessary to name the place which carries the palm for sunlessness. In the City of London there was no registered sunshine at all in December, 1884, in January, 1885, or December, 1890. Seven years ago, therefore, London was without sunshine for two consecutive months.

The following incident is reported to have occurred at the assizes held in November at Sandwich, Ontario. Mr. Justice Falconbridge was the presiding Judge at the assizes, which opened shortly after one of the notorious meetings of the Continental Unity Club. The story may be told in narrative form:—Mr. Justice Falconbridge (arriving on the Court-house grounds): "Mr. Sheriff, I do not see that a flag has been hoisted on the Court-house."—The Sheriff: "Your Lordship, our flag is an old worn-out affair, and I did not think well to hoist it."—Mr. Justice Falconbridge: "Old or new, it is proper that the British flag should float over a British Court-house while the Court is in session."—The Sheriff: "It shall be done, your Lordship."—Exit the Sheriff, who gets hold of a very decent flag, which floats over the building for the balance of the day.—The next morning, on arrival at the Court-house grounds, Mr. Justice Falconbridge: "Mr. Sheriff, where is the flag?"—The Sheriff: "The halyards broke during the night, and we cannot hoist the flag."—Mr. Justice Falconbridge: "You must hoist it. Get the halyards mended before we adjourn for lunch."—Hour for adjournment arrives. When leaving the court-yard, Mr. Justice Falconbridge: "Mr. Sheriff, the flag is not flying. What is the reason?"—The Sheriff: "The county clerk says that it will cost ten dollars to mend the halyards."—Mr. Justice Falconbridge: "It is meet and proper that the British flag should be hoisted on an occasion like the present. I propose that it shall be. It will cost the county clerk a good deal less to pay that ten dollars than it will to have me adjourn the Court at the expense of the county. This Court will not proceed until that flag is hoisted."—Before the lunch-hour had expired the halyards had been mended and the flag was floating. It remained at the head of the flagstaff during the whole of the assizes.

The very heavy falls of snow which have taken place in the east parts of Germany have been made use of by the military authorities to try what effect the projectile of the new rifle may have on masses of snow. Entrenchments were made some 5ft. high and 6ft. thick, behind which targets were placed to represent an enemy. The firing parties, stationed 15,000ft. from the works, pierced them through and through, as was proved by the numerous holes found in the targets behind them. Similar experiments have been made in Russia. In this case the entrenchments were 25ft. in thickness, and are said to have kept off the bullets fired against the marks in the rear of them. It will readily be seen from this that, unless ample time and plenty of men are at command, snow is not of much value for fortifying military positions against musketry fire.

Whereas the total population of India, according to the preliminary results of the census published some months back, was 284,614,210, further revision and examination of the returns brings out the still larger total of 288,159,692, or an average density of close upon 188 persons to the square mile.

Professor Vogel, head of the Observatory at Potsdam, has made some interesting observations on the new star in Auriga. The spectrograms of the star show two spectra, one above the other. The measurement of the spectra shows that the glowing gases, the cause of the bright lines, are moving away from us at a speed of about nine hundred and thirty seven kilomètres per second compared with the gases which produce the dark lines. The only possible theory is that the new star consists of two stars, which are parting company at the above rate, after passing each other so closely that their mutual attraction caused disturbances of a kind to set them on fire. It probably is a double star, the components of which move round one another in very essentric orbits and periodically approach one another closely. Other double stars confirming this theory have been observed before by Wilsing at Potsdam.

The Incorporated Society for Promoting the Enlargement, Building, and Repairing of Churches and Chapels held its usual monthly meeting on Thursday last at the Society's House, 7, Dean's-yard, Westminster Abbey, S.W., the Archdeacon of Essex in the chair. There were also present the Revs. Canon J. Erskine Clarke, Canon Coulson, and C. A. Jones, Messrs. John Boodle, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. G. H. W. Windsor-Clive, J. F. France, James Hilton, and the Rev. R. Milburn Blakiston, secretary. Grants of money were made in aid of the following objects, viz.:—Building new churches at Barking, St. Paul, Essex, £200; Cudworth, St. John, in the parish of Monk Bretton, near Barnsley, £30; Great Bridge, St. Luke, near Tipton, Staffs, £100; Hither Green, St. Swithun, in the parish of Lewisham, Kent, £100; Horbury Junction, St. Mary the Virgin, near Wakefield, £20; and Wybunbury, St. Chad, near Nantwich, £50, in lieu of a former grant of £95. Rebuilding, on a new site, St. Bartholomew's, Barbon, near Kirkby, Lonsdale, £40; and towards enlarging or otherwise improving the accommodation in the churches at Hipswell, St. John, near Richmond, Yorks, £15; Milton-next-Gravesend, SS. Peter and Paul, Kent, £35; Newton-le-Willows, St. Peter, £40; Penkhull, St. Thomas, Stoke-on-Trent, £50; and Alpwey, St. Lawrence, near Dorchester, £20. A grant was also made from the special Mission Building Fund towards building a mission church at Nunhead, Surrey, the Cheltenham College Mission, £50. The following grants were also paid for works completed:—Sudborough, All Saints', Northants, £10; Cilcennin, Holy Trinity, Cardigan, £25; Horseheath, All Saints', Cambs, £10; Denton, St. Mary, near Darlington, £15; Southampton, St. Mark, £100; Sutton, St. Barnabas, Surrey, £50 balance of a grant of £175; Fulham, St. Augustine, Middlesex, £50; Swansea, Christ Church, £50; Heap Bridge, near Heywood, Lancs, £40; Edensor, St. Mark, near Longton, Staffs; and Polruan, in the parish of Lanteglos-by-Fowey, Cornwall, £30.

Some ten years ago the authorities of Kew Gardens sent out, by way of experiment, a number of slips of the coffee-plant to Blantyre, Central Africa. Only one survived the long journey, but this, as might be expected, was a particularly healthy little shrub. It grew, bore seed, and proved itself wonderfully productive, and is now the progenitor of 1,000,000 plants growing on one estate alone, besides hundreds of thousands of others in that region.

A handsome monument has been erected by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., over the grave, in Brompton Cemetery, of the late Rev. Henry White, Chaplain of the Savoy. The memorial consists of a massive incumbent cross tomb of polished red granite. A marble bust of Mr. White, executed for the Memorial Committee by Mr. T. R. Essex, has recently been placed in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London, at Guildhall.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS.—Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich, and 149, New Bond-street, London, solicit a visit to their showrooms, where they have always on view stained-glass windows and other objects of ecclesiastical art, executed for almost any part of the kingdom. Messrs. Mayer and Co., will have great pleasure in submitting designs and estimates for any window in contemplation free of all charge.

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FURNITURE

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